Vera et viva Effigies
Johannis Cleeveland.

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POEMS.

BY

John Cleavland.

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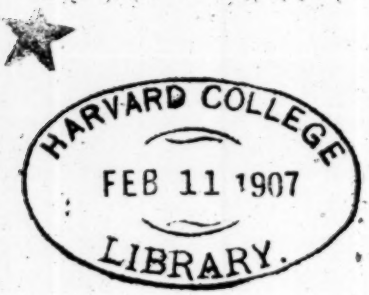

The gift of
Ernest Blaney Dane

TO THE

STATE of LOVE,

OR,

The Senſes Feſtivall.

I Saw a viſion yeſter-night
Enough to tempt a *Seekers ſight*:
I wiſht my ſelf a *Shaker* there,
And her quick pulſe my trembling Sphear:
It was a She ſo glittering bright,
You'd think her ſoul an *Adamite*,
A perſon of ſo rare a frame,
Her body might be lin'd with 'ſame,
Beauties chiefeſt Maid of honour;
You'd break a Lent with looking on her.
Not the fair Abbeſſe of the skies,
With all her Nunnery of eyes,
Can ſhew me ſuch a glorious prize.
And yet, becauſe 'tis more renown
To make a ſhadow ſhine, ſhe's brown:
A brown, for which, heaven would disband
The Gallaxye, and ſtars be tann'd,
Brow by reflection, as her eye,
Dazels the Summers livery.

Old dormant windows muſt confeſſe,
Her beams their glimmering ſpectacles;
Struck with the ſplendor of her face,
Do'th'office of a burning-glaſſe.
Now where ſuch radiant lights have ſhown,
No wonder if her cheeks be grown
Sun-burnt with luſtre of her own.
My ſight took pay, but (thank my charms)
I now empale her in mine arms,
(Loves compaſſes) confining you
Good Angels to a compaſſe too.
Is not the Univerſe ſtraight-lac't,
When I can claſp it in the waſt?
My amorous foulds about thee hurl'd
With *Drake*, I compaſſe in the World;
I hoop the firmament, and make
This my embrace the Zodiack.
How would the Center take my ſence,
When admiration doth commence,
At the extream circumference!
Now to the melting kiſſe that ſips
The jelley'd Philtre of her lips
So ſweet, there is no tongue can prais't,
Till tranſubſtantiate with a taſte,
Inſpir'd like *Mahomet* from above,
By th' billing of my heav'nly Dove;
Love prints her Signets in her ſmacks,
Thoſe ruddy drops of ſqueezing wax;
Which whereſoever ſhe imparts,
They're Privie Seals to take up hearts.

Our

Our mouths encountring at the ſport,
My ſlippery ſoul had quit the fort,
But that ſhe ſtopt the Sally-port.
Next to thoſe ſweets her lips diſpence,
As twin-conſerves of eloquence,
The ſweet perfume her breath affords;
Incorporating with her words;
No Roſary this votreſſe needs,
Her very ſyllables are beads.
No ſooner 'twixt thoſe Rubies born,
But Jewels are in Ear-rings worn.
With what delight her ſpeech doth enter
It is a kiſſe o'th' ſecond venter.
And I diſſolve at what I hear,
As if another *Roſamund* were
Couch'd in the Labyrinth of my ear.
Yet, that's but a preludious bliſſe;
Two ſouls pickearing in a kiſſe:
Embraces do but draw the line,
'Tis ſtorming that muſt take her in.
When bodies whine, and victory hovers
'Twixt the equall fluttering lovers,
This is the game, make ſtakes my dear,
Hark how the ſprightly *Chanticlere*,
(That Baron *Tell-clock* of the night,)
Sounds *Boot-eſel* to *Cupids* knight.
Then have at all, the paſſe is got,
For coming off, oh name it not:
Who would not die upon the ſpot?

FUSCARA, or the Bee errant.

NAtures confectioner, the *Bee*,
Whoſe ſuckets are moiſt *Alchymie*,
The Still of his refining mould,
Minting the Garden into gold;
Having rifled all the fields
Of what dainties *Flora* yields,
Ambitious now to take Exciſe
Of a more fragrant Paradiſe,
At my *Fuſcara*'s ſleeve arriv'd,
Where all delicious ſweets are hiv'd.
The ayrie Freebooters diſtreins
Firſt on the Violet of her Veins,
Whoſe tincture could it be more pure,
His ravenous kiſſe had made it bluer:
Here did he ſit, and eſſence quaff,
Till her coy pulſe had beat him off:
That Pulſe, which he that feels may know
Whether the Worlds long-liv'd or no.
The next he preys on is her Palm,
That Alm'ner of tranſpiring Balm;
So ſoft, 'tis air but once remov'd,
Tender as 'twere a gelly glov'd,
Here while his canting drone-pipe ſcann'd
The Myſtick figures of her hand,
He tipples Palmeſtry, and dives
On all her fortune-telling lives:

He

He bathes in bliſſe, and finds no odds
Betwixt the Nectar and the Gods,
He perches now upon her wriſt,
A proper hawk for ſuch a fiſt,
Making that fleſh his bill of fare,
Which hungry Cannibals would ſpare.
Where Lillies in a lovely brown
Inoculate Carnation:
Her *Argent* skin with *Or* ſo ſtream'd
As if the milky way were cream'd.
From hence he to the wood-bine bends
That quivers at her fingers ends,
That runs diviſion on the three,
Like a thick branching pedigree.
So 'tis not her the Bee devours,
It is a pretty maze of flowers,
It is the roſe that bleeds when he
Nibbles his nice Phlebotomy.
About her finger he doth cling
I'th' faſhion of a wedding ring,
And bids his Comrades of the ſwarm
Crawl on a bracelet 'bout her arm,
Thus when the hovering Publican
Had ſuck'd the Toll of all her ſpan,
Tuning his draughts with drowſie hums,
As *Danes* carowſe by Kettle Drums,
It was decreed that poſie glean'd
The ſmall familiar ſhould be weand:
At this the Errants courage quails,
Yet aided by his native ſails,

The

The bold *Columbus* ſtill deſignes
To finde her undiſcovered mines:
To th' *Indies* of her arm he flies
Fraught both with Eaſt and Weſtern prize;
Which when he had in vain aſſaid,
Arm'd like a dapper Lance-preſade,
With *Spaniſh* pike he broacht a pore,
And ſo both made and heal'd the ſore:
For as in Gummy trees there's found,
A ſalve to iſſue at the wound,
Of this her breach the like was true,
Hence trickled out a balſome too:
But oh! what Waſp was't that could prove
Ratilias to my *Queen of Love?*
The King of Bees now's jealous grown,
Leſt her beams ſhould melt his throne:
And finding that his tribute ſlacks,
His Burgeſſes, and ſtate of Wax
Turn'd to an Hoſpitall, the combs
Build rank and file like Beads-mens rooms,
And what they bleed but tart and ſowre,
Matcht with my *Danaes* golden ſhowre,
Live-Hony all, the envious elf
Stung her, 'cauſe ſweeter than himſelf.
Sweetneſſe and ſhe are ſo ally'd,
The *Bee* committed paricide.

To JULIA to expedite her promiſe.

SInce 'tis my Doom, Love's under-Shrieve
Why this reprieve?
Why doth my She-Advowſon flie
Incumbency?
Panting Expectance makes us prove
The Anticks of benighted Love,
And withered Mates when wedlock joyns,
They're *Hymens* Monkeys which he ties by th'
To play (alas!) but at Rebated Foyns. (loyns,
To ſell thy ſelf doſt thou intend
By Candle end?
And hold the contract thus in doubt,
Life's Taper out?
Think but how ſoon the market fails;
Your Sex lives faſter than the males,
As if to meaſure Age's ſpan
The Sober *Julian* were th' Account of Man,
Whil'ſt You live by the fleet *Gregorian*.
Now ſince you bear a Date ſo ſhort
Live double for't.
How can thy Fortreſſe ever ſtand
If't be not mann'd?
The Siege ſo gains upon the Place,
Thoul't find the Trenches in thy Face,
Pity thy ſelf then, if not me,
And hold not out, leſt (like *Oſtend*) thou be
Nothing but Rubbiſh at Deliverie.

The

The Candidates of *Peter*'s chair
must plead gray hairs,
And use the Simony of a cough
To help them off;
But when I woe thus old and spent,
I'le wed by Will and Testament.
No, let us love while crisp'd and curl'd
Are but gay Furlows for another world.

To morrow what thou tender'st me,
Is Legacie;
Not one of all those rav'nous houres
But thee devours.
And though thou still recruited be,
Like *Pelops*, with soft Ivorie;
Though thou consume but to renew,
Yet Love, as Lord, doth claim a Herriot due.
That's the best quick thing I can find of you.

I feel thou art consenting ripe
By that soft gripe.
And those regealing christall sphears
I hold thy tears,
Pledges of more distilling sweets,
The Bath that ushers in the sheets,
Else pious *Julia* (Angel-wise)
Moves the *Bethesda* of her trickling eyes
To cure the spittle-world of maladies.

THE

THE HECATOMB TO HIS MISTRESSE.

BE dumb ye beggers of the rhiming Trade,
Geld the looſe wits,& let the Muſe be ſplaid.
Charge not the pariſh with the baſtard phraſe
Of Balm, Elixar, both the India's,
Of ſhrine, ſaint, ſacriledge, and ſuch as theſe
Expreſſions common as their Miſtreſſes.
Hence ye fantaſtick Poſtillers in ſong,
My text defeats your art, ties Natures tongue,
Scorns all his tinſil'd Metaphors of pelf,
Illuſtrated by nothing but his ſelf.
As Spiders travell by their bowels ſpun
Into a thred, and when the race is run,
Wind up their journey in a living clew,
So is it with my Poetry and you.
From your own eſſence muſt I firſt untwine,
Then twiſt again each Panegerick line.
Reach then a ſoaring quill, that I may write,
As with a *Jacobs* ſtaff to take the height.
Suppoſe an Angel darting through the air,
Should there encounter a religious prayer
Mounting to heaven, that intelligence
Should for a Sunday-ſuit thy breath condenſe

Into

Into a body. Let me crack a ſtring
In venturing higher; were the note I ſing,
Above heavens *Ela*, ſhould I undecline,
And with a deep-mouth *Gammut* ſound agen
From pole to pole, I could not reach her worth,
Nor finde an Epithite to ſet it forth.
Metals may blazon common beauties; She
Makes pearl and planets humble herauldry.
As then a purer ſubſtance is defin'd,
But by a heap of Negatives combin'd;
Ask what a ſpirit is, you'l hear them cry
It hath no matter, no mortality:
So can I not define how ſweet, how fair,
Onely I ſay ſhe's not as others are:
For what perfection we to others grant,
It is her ſole perfection to want.
All other forms ſeem in reſpect of thee
The Almanacks miſhap'd Anatomie,
Where *Aries* head and face; *Bull* neck & throat;
The *Scorpion* gives the ſecrets; knees, the *Goat*:
A brief of limbs foul as thoſe beaſts, or are
Their name-ſak'd ſigns in their ſtrange chara-cter.
As the Philoſophers to every ſence
Marry it's object, yet with ſome diſpence,
And grant them a Poligamy withall,
And theſe their common ſenſibles they call:
So is't with her, who ſtinted unto none,
Unites all Sences in each action.
The ſame beam heats and lights; to ſee her well,
Is both to hear and feel, to taſte and ſmell.

For

For can you want a palate in your eyes,
When each of his contains a double prize,
Venus his apple? can the eyes want noſe,
When from each cheek buds forth a fragrant (Roſe?
Or can the ſight be deaf if ſhe but ſpeak,
A well-tun'd face ſuch moving Rhetorick?
Doth not each look a flaſh of light'ning feel,
Which ſpares the bodies ſheath, & melts the ſteel?
Thy ſoul muſt needs confeſſe, or grant thy ſence
Corrupted with the objects excellence,
Sweet Magick, which can make five ſences lie
Conjur'd within the circle of an eye.
In whom, ſince all the five are intermixt,
Oh now that *Scaliger* would prove his fixt!
Thou man of mouth, that canſt not name a She
Unleſſe all nature pay a Subſidie,
Whoſe language is a Tax, whoſe Muskcat verſe
Voids nought but flowers for thy Muſes herſe,
Fitter than *Celia*'s looks, who in a trice
Canſt ſtate the long diſputed Paradiſe:
And with Divines hunt with ſo cold a ſcent,
Can in her boſome finde it reſident.
Now come aloft, come, come and breath a vein,
And give ſome vent unto thy daring ſtrain.
Say the Aſtrologer, who ſpels the ſtars,
In that fair Alphabet reads peace and wars,
Miſtakes his Globe, and in her brighter eye
Interprets heavens Phiſiognomy.
Call her the Metaphyſicks of her Sex,
And ſay ſhe tortures wits, as *Quartans* vex

Phy-

Phyſicians: call her the *Square* circle, ſay
She is the very rule of *Algebra*:
What e're you undertake not, ſay't of her,
For that's the way to write her Character.
Say this and more, & when thou hop'ſt to raiſe
Thy fancy ſo as to incloſe her praiſe,
Alas poor *Gotham* with thy Coocko hedge,
Hyperbolies are here but ſacrilege.
Then rouz up Muſe, what thou haſt reveal'd out,
Some comments clear not, but increaſe the doubt.
She that affords poor mortals not a glance
Of knowledge, but is known by ignorance:
She that Commits a rape on every ſence,
Whoſe breath can countermand a peſtilence;
She that can ſtrike the beſt invention dead,
Till baffled Poetry hangs down her head:
She, ſhe it is, ſhe that contains all bliſſe,
And makes the world but her Periphraſis.

Upon

UPON
Sir THOMAS MARTIN,
Who ſubſcribed a Warrant thus,

We the Knights and Gentlemen of the Committee, &c. When there was no Knight but himſelf.

HAng out a flag, and gather pence a piece
(Which *Africk* never bred nor ſwelling
With ſtories Timpany) a beaſt ſo rare (*Greece*
No *Lectures* wrought cap, nor *Bartholmew* fair
Can match him, natures whimſey, one that out-
Tredeskin and his ark of Novelties. (vies
The *Gog* and *Magog* of prodigious ſights,
With reverence to your eies, Sir *Thomas Knights*:
But is this Bigamy of titles due?
Are you Sir *Thomas* and Sir *Martin* too?
Iſachar couchant 'twixt a brace of Sirs,
Thou Knighthood in a pair of panniers.
Thou that look'ſt wrapt up in thy warlike lea-
Like *Valentine* & *Orſon* bound together. (ther,
Spurs repreſentative! thou that art able
To be a *Voider* to King *Arthur's Table*:
Who in this ſacrilegious maſſe of all,
It ſeems ha's ſwallowed *Windſors* Hoſpitall.

Pair-royall headed *Cerberus* his Cozen:
Hercules labours were a Bakers dozen.
Had he but trumpt on thee, whoſe forked neck
Might wel have anſwered at the Font for *Smeck*.
But can a Knighthood on a Knighthood lie?
Metall on metall is falſe Herauldry.
And yet the known *Godfrey* of *Bulloin*'s coat
Shines in exception to the Heraulds vote.
Great ſpirits move not by pedantick laws,
Their actions, though eccentrick, ſtate the cauſe
And *Priſcian* bleeds with honour: *Cæſar* thus
Subſcrib'd two Conſuls with one *Julius*.
Tom never oaded Squire, ſcarce Yeoman high;
Is *Tom* twice dipt Knight of a double Dy?
Fond man! whoſe fate is in his name betrai'd,
It is the ſetting Sun doubles his ſhade;
But its no matter, for *Amphibius* he
May have a Knight hang'd, yet Sir *Tom* go free.

On

On the memory of Mr. Edward King, *drown'd in the Iriſh Seas.*

I Like not tears in tune, nor do I prize
His artificial grief who ſcans his eyes,
Mine weep down pious beads, but why ſhould I
Confine them to the Muſes Roſary?
I am no poet here; my pen's the ſpout,
Where the Rain-water of mine eyes run out
In pity of that Name, whoſe fate we ſee
Thus copied out in griefs Hydrography:
The Muſes are not Mair-maids, though upon
His death the Ocean might turn *Helicon*. (on't
The Sea's too rough for verſe; who rhimes up-
With *Xerxes* ſtrives to fetter th' *Heleſpont*.
My tears will keep no channell, know no laws
To guide the ſtreams; but (like the waves their cauſe)
Run with diſturbance, till they ſwallow me
As a deſcription of his miſery.
But can his ſpacious virtue find a grave
Within th' impoſthum'd bubble of a wave?
Whoſe learning if we ſound, we muſt confeſſe
The Sea but ſhallow, and him bottomleſſe.
Could not the winds to countermand thy death
With their whole Card of Lungs redeem thy breath?
Or ſome new Iſland in thy reſcue peep
To heave thy reſurrection from the deep?
That ſo the world might ſee thy ſafety wrought,
With no leſſe wonder then thy ſelf was thought.

The famous *Stagarite*, who in his life
Had nature as familiar as his wife,
Bequeath'd his Widow to ſurvive with thee,
Queen Dowager of all Philoſophy:
An ominous Legacy that did portend
Thy fate and Predeceſſours ſecond end:
Some have affirm'd, that what on earth we find,
The Sea can parallel in ſhape and kind:
Books, arts and tongues were wanting, but in
Neptune hath got an Univerſity. (thee
Wee'l dive no more for pearls, the hope to ſee
Thy ſacred reliques of mortality
Shall welcome ſtorms, & make the ſea-men prize
His ſhipwrack now more than his merchandize.
He ſhall embrace the waves, and to thy tombe
As to a Royaller Exchange ſhall come.
What can we now expect? water and fire;
Both elements our ruine do conſpire:
And that diſſolves us which doth us compound,
One *Vatican* was burnt, another drown'd.
We of the Gown our Libraries muſt toſſe
To underſtand the greatneſſe of our loſſe,
Be pupils to our grief, and ſo much grow
In learning as our ſorrows overflow.
When we have fill'd the Rundlets of our eyes,
Wee'l iſſu't forth, and vent ſuch Elegies,
As that our tears ſhall ſeem the *Iriſh* Seas
We floating Iſlands living *Hebrides*.

On

On the ſame.

TEll me no more of *Stoicks*: canſt thou tell
Who'twas, that when the waves began to ſwell,
The Ship to ſink, ſad paſſengers to call,
[Maſter we periſh] ſlept ſecure of all?
Remember this, and him that waking kept,
A mind as conſtant as he did that ſlept.
Canſt thou give credit to his zeal and love,
That went to Heaven, and to thoſe flames above
Wrapt in a fiery Chariot? ſince I heard
Who 'twas that on his knees the Veſſel ſteer'd
With hands bolt up to Heaven, ſince I ſee
As yet no ſign of his mortality;
Pardon me, Reader, if I ſay he's gone
The ſelf-ſame journey in a watry one.

Upon an
HERMAPHRODITE.

SIr, or Madam, chuſe you whether,
Nature twiſt'd you both together;
And makes thy ſoul two garbs confeſſe,
Both petticoat and breeches dreſſe.
Thus we chaſtiſe the God of wine,
With water that is feminine,
Untill the cooler Nymph abate
His wrath, and ſo concorporate.
Adam till his rib was loſt,
Had both Sexes thus ingroſt.
When Providence our Sire did cleave,
And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*,
Then did man 'bout wedlock treat,
To make his body up compleat.
Thus Matrimony ſpeakes but *Thee*
In a grave ſolemnity;
For man and wife make but one right
Canonicall *Hermaphrodite*.
Ravell thy body, and I find
In every limb a double kind.
Who would not think that head a pair
That breeds ſuch factions in the hair?
One half ſo churliſh in the touch,
That rather than endure ſo much,
It would my tender limbs apparrell
In *Regulus* his nailed barrell:

But

But the other half ſo ſmall,
And ſo amorous withall,
That *Cupid* thinks each hair doth grow
A ſtring for his invis'ble bow.
When I look babies in thine eyes,
Heare *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies,
And though thy beauty be high noon,
Thy Orb contains both Sun and Moon:
How many melting kiſſes skip
'Twixt thy Male and Female lip?
'Twixt thy upper bruſh of hair
And thy neither beards deſpair?
When thou ſpeak'ſt, I would not wrong
Thy ſweetneſſe with a double tongue:
But in every ſingle ſound
A perfect Dialogue is found?
Thy breaſts diſtinguiſh one another;
This the Siſter, that the Brother.
When thou joyn'ſt hands my ear ſtill fancies,
The Nuptiall ſound, I *John* take *Frances*:
Feel but the difference, ſoft, and rough,
This is a Gantlet, that a Muff:
Had ſly *Ulyſſes* at the ſack
Of *Troy* brought thee his Pedlars pack,
And weapons too to know *Achilles*
From King *Nichomedes Phillis*,
His plot had fail'd; this hand would feel
The needle that the warlike ſteel.
When muſick doth thy pace advance,
Thy right legge takes the left to dance,

Nor is't a Galliard danc'd by one,
But a mixt dance, though alone:
Thus every heteroclite part
Changes gender, not the heart.
Nay, those which Modesty can mean,
And dare not speak, are Epicœne;
That gamster needs must overcome,
That can play both *Tib* and *Tom*.
Thus did Natures mintage vary,
Coyning thee a *Philip* and *Mary*.

The Authours HERMAPHRODITE.

Made after Mr. Randolph's *death, yet inserted into his* POEMS.

PRobleme of Sexes! must thou likewise be
As disputable in thy pedigree?
Thou twins in one, in whom Dame Nature tries
To throw lesse then Aums ace upon two Dice:
Wer't thou serv'd up two in one dish, the rather
To split thy Sire into a double father?
True, the worlds scales are even: what the main
In one gets place, another quits again.
Nature lost one by thee, and therefore must:
Slice one in two to keep her number just:

Plurality

Plurality of livings is thy ſtate,
And therfore mine muſt be impropriate.
For, ſince the child is mine, and yet the claim
Is intercepted by anothers name,
Never did ſteeple carry double truer,
His is the Donative, and mine the Cure.
Then ſay my Muſe (and without more diſpute)
Who, 'tis that fame doth ſuper-inſtitute,
The *Thebas* Wittall when he once deſcries,
Jove in his rivall, falls to ſacrifice:
That name hath tipt his horns: ſee on his knees
A health to Hans en Kelder *Hercules.*
Nay ſublunary cuckolds are content
To entertain their fate with complement;
And ſhal not he be proud, whom *Randolph* daigns
To quarter with his Muſe both arms & brains;
Grammercy Goſſip, I rejoyce to ſee
Shee'th got a leap of ſuch a Barbary
Talk not of horns, horns are the Poets' creſt;
For ſince the Muſes left their former neſt,
To found a *Nunnery* in *Randolph's* quill,
Cuckold *Parnaſſus* is a forked hill.

But ſtay, I've wak't his duſt, his Marble ſtirs,
And brings the wormes for his compurgators.
Can Ghoſts have natural ſons? ſay *Ogg*, is't meet,
Pennance bear date after the winding ſheet?
Were it a *Phœnix* (as the double kind
May ſeem to prove being there's two combin'd)
It would diſclaim my right, and that it were
The lawfull iſſue of his aſhes, ſwear.

But

But was he dead? did not his ſoul tranſlate
Her ſelf into a ſhop of leſſer rate?
Or break up houſe, like an expenſive Lord
That gives his purſe a fob, and lives at board?
Let old *Pithagoras* but play the Pimp, (imp:
And ſtill there's hopes't may prove his baſtard
But I'm profane; For grant the world had one,
With whom he might contract an union,
They two were one, yet like an Eagle ſpread,
I'th'Body joyn'd, but parted in the Head (Chair
For you my brat, that poſe the Porph'ry
Pope *John*, or *Joan*, or whatſoere you are,
You are a Nephew, grieve not at your ſtate,
For all the world is illegitimate.
Man cannot get a man, unleſſe the Sun
Club to the act of generation.
The Sun and man get man, thus *Tom* and I
Are the joynt fathers of the Poetry. (mine
For ſince (bleſt ſhade) this verſe is male, but
O'th' weaker Sex, a fancy feminine;
Wee'l part the child, & yet commit no ſlaughter,
So ſhall it be thy Son, and yet my daughter.

To the HECTORS, upon the unfortunate death of H. COMPTON.

YOu Hectors! tame profeſſors of the Sword!
Who in the chair ſtate Duels, whoſe black
word

Bewitches courage, & like Devils too (and do.
Leaves the bewitch'd, when't comes to fight
Who on your errand our beſt Spirits ſend,
Not to kill Swine or Cowes, but man & friend;
Who are an whole Court Martial in your drink
And diſpute Honour, when you cannot think
Not orderly, but part out valour, as
You grow inſpir'd by th'oracle of the Glaſſe:
Then (like our zeal-drunk Presbyters) cry down
All Law of kings and God, but what's their own.
Then y'have the gift of fighting, can diſcern
Spirits, who's fit to act and who to learn,
Who ſhall be baffled next, who muſt be beat,
Who kill'd, that you may drink, & ſwear & eat:
Whilſt you applaud thoſe murthers wch you teach
And live upon the wounds your Riots preach.
Mere booty ſouls! who bid us fight a prize
To feaſt the laughter of our enemies? (gain,
Who ſhout, and clap at wounds, count it pure
Mere providence to hear a *Compton's* ſlain
A name they dearly hate, & juſtly; ſhould (bloud
They lov't'twer worſe, their love would taint the
Blood always true true as their ſwords & cauſe,
And never vainly loſt, till your wild Laws
Scandall'd their actions in this perſon, who
Truly durſt more than you dare think to do.
A man made up of graces, every Move
Had entertainment in it, and drew Love (grave
From all but him who kill'd him, who ſeeks a
And fears a Death more ſhameful than he gave.

Now

Now you dread Hectors! you whom tyrant drink
Drags thrice about the Town; what do you think?
(If you be ſober) Is it valour? ſay! To overcome, and then to run away.
Fie, fie, your luſts and Duels both are one,
Both are repented of as ſoon as done.

Square Cap.

Come hither *Apollo's* bouncing girle,
And in a whole *Hippocrene* of Sherry
Let's drink a round till our brains do whirle,
Tuning our pipes to make our ſelves merry;
A Cambridge-Laſſe, *Venus*-like, born of the froth
Of an old half fill'd Jug of barly borth; (froth
She ſhe's my Miſtreſſe, her ſuiters are many,
But ſhee'l have a *Square cap* if ere ſhe have any.
And firſt, for the Pluſh ſake the *Monmouth-cap* (comes,
Shaking his head like an empty bottle,
With his new fangled oath by *Jupiters thumbs*,
That to her health hee'l begin a pottle:
He tels her that after the death of his Grannam
He ſhall have God knows what *per annum*:
But ſtill ſhe replied, good Sir La-be,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Then

Thin Calot *Leather-cap* ſtrongly pleads (on;
And fain would derive the pedigree of faſhi-
The *Antipodes* wear thir ſhoeson their heads,
And why may not we in their imitation?
Oh, how this foot-ball noddle would pleaſe,
If it were but well toſs'd on S. *Thomas* his Lees.
But ſtill ſhe repli'd, good Sir La-be,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Next comes the Puritan in a *Wrought-cap*,
With a long waſted conſcience towards a Si-
And making a chappel of eaſe of her lap, (ſter;
Firſt he ſaid grace, and then he kiſt her.
Beloved, quoth he, thou art my Text,
Then falls he to Uſe and Application next:
But then ſhe replied, your Text(Sir)I'le be,
For then I'me ſure you'l ne'r handle me.

But ſee where *Satten-cap* ſcouts about, (marry
And fain would this wench in his fellowſhip
He told her how ſuch a man was not put out,
Becauſe his wedding he cloſely did carry,
Hee'l purchaſe induction by Simony,
And offers her money her incumbent to be.
But ſtill ſhe replied, good Sir La-be,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

The Lawyer's a Sophiſter by his *Round-cap*,
Nor in their fallacies are they divided;

The

The one milks the pocket, the other the tap,
And yet this wench he fain would have brided.
Come leav these thred-bare Scholars, quoth he,
And give me livery and seisin of thee; (on,
But peace *John-a-Nokes*, & leave your Orati-
For I never will be your Impropriation.
I pray you therefore good Sir La-be;
For if ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Upon PHILLIS walking in a *Morning before* Sun-rising.

THe sluggish morn as yet undrest,
My *Phillis* brake from out her East,
As if shee'd made a match to run
With *Venus*, Usher to the Sun.
The trees, (like Yeomen of her guard,
Serving more for pomp than ward,
Bank'd on each side with loyall duty,)
Wave branches to enclose her beauty.
The plants, whose luxury was lopt,
Or age with crutches underpropt,
(Whose wooden carkases are grown
To be but coffins of their own,)
Revive, and at her generall dole
Each receives his ancient soul.
The winged Choristers began
To chirp their Matins: and the Fan

Of

Of whiſtling winds, like Organs, plaid
Unto their Voluntaries, made
The wak'ned earth in odours riſe
To be her morning Sacrifice.
The flowers call'd out of their beds,
Start and raiſe up their drowſie heads,
And he that for their colour ſeeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
Where Roſes mix no civil war
Between her *York* and *Lancaſter*.
The Marigold, whoſe Courtiers face,
Ecchoes the Sun, and doth unlace
Her at his riſe, at his full ſtop
Packs, and ſhuts up her gaudy ſhop;
Miſtakes her kue and doth diſplay;
Thus *Phillis* antidates the day.
These Miracles had crampt the Sun,
Who thinking that his Kingdom's won,
Powders with light his friz'led locks,
To ſee what Saints his luſtre mocks.
The trembling leaves through which he plaid,
Dapling the walk with light and ſhade,
(Like lattice-windows) give the ſpye
Room but to peep with half an eye,
Leſt her full Orb his ſight ſhould dim,
And bid us all good night in him,
Till ſhe would ſpend a gentle ray,
To force us a new-faſhion'd day.
But what religious palſie's this,
Which makes the boughs diveſt their liſſe?

And

And that they might her footsteps straw
Drop their leaves with shivering awe,
Phillis perceives, (and left her stay
Should wed *October* unto *May*;
And as her beauty caus'd a Spring,
Devotion might an Autumn bring)
With drew her beams, yet made no night,
But left the Sun her Curate-light.

Upon a MISER that made a great feast, *and the next day died for grief.*

NOr scapes he so: our dinner was so good,
My liquorish muse cannot but chew the cud,
And what delight she took in th'invitation,
Strives to cast o're again in this relation
After a tedious grace in *Hopkins* rhime,
Not for devotion, but to take up time;
March'd the traine band of dishes usher'd there
To shew their postures, and then as they were.
For he invites no teeth, perchance the eye
He will afford the lovers gluttony;
This is a feast, a Muster, not a fight,
Our weapons not for service but for sight,
But are we Tantaliz'd? is all this meate
Cook'd by a Limner for to view, not eat?
Th'A strologers keep such *Houses* when they sup
On joynts of *Taurus* or their heavenly Tup.

What

Whatever feaſts be made are ſumm'd up here,
His table vyes not ſtanding with his chear.
His Churchings, Chriſt'nings, in this meal are all,
And not tranſcrib'd, but in th'Original.
Chriſtmas is no feaſt moveable; for lo!
The ſelf-ſame dinner was ten years ago;
'Twill be immortall, if it longer ſtay,
The gods will eat it for *Ambroſia*.

But ſtay a while, unleſſe my whinyard fail,
Or is inchanted. I'le cut off th' intail. (ton,
Saint George for England then, have at the Mut-
When the firſt cut call's me bloud-thirſty glut-
What *Ajax*, with his anger-quodl'd brain (ton:
Killing a ſheep, thought *Agamemnon* ſlain,
The fiction's now prov'd true; wounding his
I lamentably butcher up mine hoſt: (roſt,
Such ſympathy is with his meat, my weapon
Makes him an Eunuch, when it carves his Capon
Cut a Gooſe leg, and the poor ſoul for moan
Turns cripple too, and after ſtands on one.

Have you not heard the abominable ſport,
A *Lancaſter* Grand-Jury will report?
The ſouldier with his Morglay watcht the Mill,
The cats they came to feaſt, when luſty *Will*
Whips off great Puſſes leg, which by ſom charm
Proves the next day ſuch an old womans arm:
'Tis ſo with him, whoſe carcaſe never ſcapes,
But ſtill we ſlaſh them in a thouſand ſhapes:
Our ſerving-men, like Spanniels range, to ſpring
The fowl when he hath clockt under her wing.

Should he on Widgeon, & on Woodcock feed,
It were (*Thyeſtes* like) on his own breed.
To Pork he pleads a ſuperſtition due,
But not a mouth is muzled by the Jew.
Sauces we ſhould have none, had he his wiſh;
The Oranges i'th' margent of the diſh,
He with ſuch Hucſters tells them o're and o're;
Th'*Heſperian* Dragon never watcht them more!
But being eaten now into deſpair,
Having nought elſe to do, he falls to pray'r.
As thou didſt once put on the form of Bull,
And turn'ſt thy *Io* to a lovely Mull,
Defend my Rump great *Jove*, grant this poor (beef
May live to comfort me in all my grief.
But no *Amen* was ſaid. See, ſee! it comes;
Drawboys, let trumpets ſound, & ſtrike up drums.
See how his bloud doth with the gravy ſwim,
And every trencher has a limb of him. (deeper,
The Veniſon's now in view, our hounds ſpend
Strange Deer, which in the Paſty hath a keeper
Stricter than in the Park, making his gueſt
(As he hath ſtoln't alive) to ſteal it dreſt!
The ſcent was hot, and we purſuing faſter,
Then *Ovids* pack of dogs e're chac'd their Ma- (ſter.
A double prey at once may ſeiz upon
Actæon and his Caſe of Veniſon:
Thus was he torn alive. To vex him worſe,
Death ſerves him up now as a ſecond courſe.
Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodies eat
He would have liv'd onely to ſave his meat.

A Young Man to an Old Woman *Courting him.*

PEace Beldam *Eve*, ſurceaſe thy ſuit;
There's no temptation in ſuch fruit.
No rotten Medlers, whilſt there be
Whole Orchards in Virginity!
Thy ſtock is too much out of date
For tender plants t' inoculate.
A match with thee thy bridegroom fears
Would be thought intereſt in his years.
Which when compar'd to thine, become
Odde money to thy Grandam ſumme.
Can Wedlock know ſo great a curſe
As putting Husbands out to Nurſe?
How *Pond* and *Rivers* would miſtake,
And cry new Almanacks for our ſake?
Time ſure hath wheel'd about this year,
December meeting *Janiveer*.
Th' Ægyptian Serpent figures time,
And ſtript, returns unto his prime.
If my affection thou would'ſt win,
Firſt caſt thy Hieroglyphick skin.
My modern lips know not (alack)
The old Religion of thy ſmack;
I count that primitive embrace,
As out of faſhion as thy face.
And yet ſo long 'tis ſince thy fall,
Thy fornication's claſſicall.

Our ſports will differ, thou may'ſt play
Leero, and I *Alphonſo* way.
I'm no tranſlator, have no vein
To turn a woman young again:
Unleſſe you'l grant the Taylors due,
To ſee the fore-bodies be new:
I love to wear clothes that are fluſh,
Not prefacing old rags with pluſh:
Like Aldermen, or Monſter-Sheriffs,
With canvas backs, and velvet ſleeves.
And juſt ſuch diſcord there would be
Betwixt the Skeleton and me.
Go ſtudy ſalve and treacle, ply
Your tenants leg, or his ſore eye;
Thus Matrons purchaſe credit, thank
Six penny-worth of Mountebank.
Or chew thy cud on ſome delight
Thou takeſt in thy *Eighty Eight*.
Or be but bed-rid once, and then
Thou'lt dream thy youthfull ſins agen:
But if thou needs wilt be my Spouſe,
Firſt hearken and attend my vows.
When Ætna's *fires ſhall undergo*
The penance of the Alps in ſnow:
When Sol *at one blaſt of his horn*
Poſts from the Crab *to* Capricorn:
When th' heavens ſhall ſhuffle all in one,
The Torrid with the frozen Zone;
When all theſe contradictions meet,
Then (Sibyll) *thou and I will greet.*

For

For all theſe Similes do hold
In my young heat and thy dull cold;
Then if a Feaver be ſo good
A Pimp as to inflame thy bloud,
Hymen ſhall twiſt thee and thy page,
The diſtinct Tropick of mans age.
Well (Madam Time) be ever bald,
I'le not thy Perywig be call'd.
I'le never be ſtead of a lover,
An aged Chronicles new cover.

To Mrs. *K. T.* who askt him why *he was Dumb.*

STay! ſhould I anſwer (Lady) then
In vain would be your queſtion.
Should I be dumb, why then again
Your asking me would be in vain.
Silence nor ſpeech (on neither hand)
Can ſatisfie this ſtrange demand.
Yet ſince your will throws me upon
This wiſhed contradiction,
I'le tell you how I did become
So ſtrangely (as you hear me) dumb.
Ask but the chap-fall'n Puritan,
'Tis zeal that tongue-ties that good man;
For heat of conſcience all men hold,
Is th' onely way to catch their cold:

How ſhould loves zealot then forbear
To be your ſilenc'd Miniſter?
Nay, your Religion, which doth grant
A worſhip due to you my Saint,
Yet counts it that devotion wrong
That does it in the vulgar tongue.
My ruder words would give offence
To ſuch an hallow'd excellence:
As th' Engliſh dialect would vary
The goodneſſe of an *Ave Mary*.
How can I ſpeak, that twice am check't
By this and that religious Sect?
Still dumb, and in your face I ſpie
Still cauſe, and ſtill Divinity!
As ſoon as bleſt with your ſalute,
My manners taught me to be mute;
For, leſt they cancel all the bliſſe,
You ſign'd with ſo divine a kiſſe,
The lips you ſeal muſt needs conſent
Unto the tongues impriſonment.
My tongue in hold, my voice doth riſe
With a ſtrange *Ela* to my eyes,
Where it gets hail, and in that ſenſe
Begins a new-found Eloquence:
Oh! liſten with attentive ſight
To what my pratling eyes endite;
Or (Lady) ſince 'tis in your choice,
To give, or to ſuſpend my voice,
With the ſame key ſet ope the door
Wherewith you lockt it faſt before;

Kiſſe once again, and when you thus
Have doubly been miraculous,
My Muſe ſhall write with Handmaids duty,
The Golden Legend of your beauty.

He, whom his dumbneſſe now confines,
But means to ſpeak the reſt by ſignes.

A Fair NYMPH ſcorning a black BOY *Courting her.*

Nymph. STand off, and let me take the air,
Why ſhould the ſmoke purſue the fair?
Boy. My face is ſmoke, thence may be gueſs't,
What flames within have ſcorch'd my breſt.
Nymph. The flame of love I cannot view,
For the dark Lanthorn of thy hue.
Boy. And yet this Lanthorn keeps Loves taper,
Surer than yours that's of white paper.
Whatever midnight hath been here,
The Moon-ſhine of your light can clear.
Nymph. My Moon of an Eclipſe is 'fraid,
If thou ſhouldſt interpoſe thy ſhade.
Boy. Yet one thing (Sweet-heart) I will ask,
Buy for me a new falſe Mask.
Nymph. Yes: but my bargain ſhall be this,
I'le throw my Mask off when I kiſſe.

Boy. Our curl'd embraces ſhall delight,
To checquer limbs with black and white.
Nymph. Thy ink, my paper, make me gueſſe,
Our Nuptiall bed will make a preſſe;
And in our ſports if any came,
They'l read a wanton Epigram.
Boy. Why ſhould my black thy love impair?
Let the dark ſhop commend thy ware:
Or if thy love from black forbears,
I'le ſtrive to waſh it off with tears. (needs
Nymph. Spare fruitleſſe tears, ſince thou muſt
Still wear about thee mourning weeds:
Tears can no more affection win,
Than waſh the Æthiopian skin.

A Dialogue between two ZEALOTS upon *the* &c. *in the* OATH.

SIr *Roger*, from a zealous piece of Freeze,
Rais'd to a Vicar of the Children threes;
Whoſe yearly Audit may, by ſtrict account,
To twenty Nobles, and his vails Amount;
Fed on the common of the female charity,
Untill the Scots can bring about their parity,
So ſhotten, that his ſoul like to himſelf,
Walks but in *Querpo*: this ſame Clergy Elf,
Encountring with a brother of the Cloth,
Fell preſently to Cudgels with the Oath:

The

The Quarrel was, a ſtrange miſ-ſhapen Monſter
&c. (God bleſſe us!) which they conſter,
The brand upon the buttock of the Beaſt,
The Dragons tail ti'd on a knot, a neaſt
Of young *Apocryphas*, the faſhion
Of a new mentall Reſervation.

While *Roger* thus divides the text, the other
Winks and expounds, ſaying, My pious brother,
Hearken with reverence; for the point is nice,
I never read on't, but I faſted twice,
And ſo by revelation know it better,
Than all the learn'd Idolaters o'th' Letter.
With that he ſwell'd, & fell upon the Theam,
Like great *Goliah* with his weavers beam:
I ſay to thee, *&c.* thou li'ſt,
Thou art the curled lock of Antichriſt:
Rubbiſh of *Babel*, for who will not ſay,
Tongues were confounded in *&c*?
Who ſwears *&c.* ſwears more oathes at once
Than *Cerberus* out of his triple Sconce:
Who views it well, with the ſame eye beholds
The old half Serpent in his numerous folds.
Accurſt *&c.* thou, for now I ſcent,
What lately the prodigious Oyſters meant.
Oh *Booker*, *Booker*, how cam'ſt thou to lack
This ſigne in thy prophetick Almanack?
It's the dark Vault wherein th' infernall plot
Of Powder 'gainſt the State was firſt begot.
Peruſe the Oath, and you ſhall ſoon deſcry it,
By all the Father *Garnets* that ſtand by it;

'Gainſt

'Gainſt whom the Church, whereof I am a Mem-
Shall keep another fifth day of *November*. (ber,
Yet here's not all, I cannot half untruſſe
&c. it's ſo abominous.
The *Trojan* Nag was not ſo fully lin'd!
Unrip *&c.* and you ſhall find
Og the great Commiſſary, and which is worſe,
Th' Apparatour upon his skew-bal'd horſe.
Then (finally my Babe of Grace) forbear,
&c. will be too farre to ſwear;
For 'tis (to ſpeak in a familiar ſtile)
A *York-ſhire* wea-bit, longer than a mile.
Than *Roger* was inſpir'd, & by Gods-diggers,
Hee'l ſwear in words at large, & not in figures.
Now by this drink, which he takes off as loth
To leave *&c.* in his liquid Oath.
His brother pledg'd him, & that bloudy wine,
He ſwears ſhall ſeal the Synods *Cataline*.
So they drunk on, not offering to part
Til they had quite ſworn out th'eleventh quart:
While all that ſaw & heard them, joyntly pray,
They and their tribe were all, *&c.*

SMECTYMNUUS; OR *the* CLUB-DIVINES.

S*Mectymnuus*! the Goblin makes me ſtart!
I'th'Name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art?
Syriack?

Syriack? or *Arabick*? or *Welch*? what skilt?
Ap all the Bricklayers that *Babel* built!
Some Conjurer tranſlate, and let me know it,
Till then 'tis fit for a Weſt-ſaxon Poet.
But do the brother-hood then play their prizes
Like Mummers in Religion with diſguiſes?
Out-brave us with a name in Rank and File,
A name, which if 'twere train'd would ſpread a mile;
TheSaints monopoly, the zealous cluſter,
Which like a Porcupine preſents a muſter,
And ſhoots his quills at Biſhops and their Sees,
A Devout litter of young *Maccabees*.
Thus Jack of all trades hath devoutly ſhown
The twelve Apoſtles on a cherry-ſtone,
Thus faction's Al-a-Mode in treaſons faſhion;
Now we have hereſie by Complication.
Like to *Don Quixots* Roſary of ſlaves
Strung on a chain; a Murnival of knaves
Packt in a trick, like Gypſies when they ride,
Or like Colleagues, which ſit all on a ſide:
So the vain ſatyriſts ſtand all a row;
As hollow teeth upon a Lute-ſtring ſhow.
Th' *Italian* Monſter pregnant with his Brother,
Natures *Diareſis*, half one another,
He, with his little ſides-man *Lazarus*,
Muſt both give way unto *Smectymnuus*.
Next *Sturbridge Fair* is *Smecks*; for lo his ſide
Into a five-fold *Lazar*'s multipli'd.
Under each arm there's tuckt a double gyſſard.
Five faces lurk under one ſingle vizard.

The

The whore of *Babylon* left theſe brats behind,
Heirs of confuſion by *Gavelkind.*
I think *Pythagoras*'s ſoul is rambl'd hither,
With all the change of Raiment on together:
Smec is her general Ward-robe, ſhee'l not dare
To think of him as of a thorough-fare;
He ſtops the Goſſipping Dame; alone he is
The purlew of a *Metempſychoſis.* (ſenſe
Like a Scotch Mark, where the more modeſt
Checks the loud phraſe, & ſhrinks to 13. pence:
Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whoſe flame, (ſame:
Though ſometimes tripartite, joynes in the
Like to nine Taylors, who if rightly ſpell'd,
Into one man are monoſyllabel'd.
Short-handed zeal in one hath cramped many,
Like to the Decalogue in a ſingle penny.
See, ſee! how cloſe the curs hunt under ſheet,
As if they ſpent in Quire, & ſcann'd their feet;
One Cure and five Incumbents leap a truſs:
The title ſure muſt be litigious!
The *Sadduces* would raiſe a queſtion,
Who muſt be *Smec* at the Reſurrection.
Who coop'd them up together were to blame,
Had they but wire-drawn, and ſpun out their name,
'Twould make another Prentices Petition
Againſt the Biſhops and their ſuperſtition.
Robſon & *French* (that count from five to five,
As far as nature fingers did contrive,
She ſaw they would be ſeſſors, that's the cauſe
She cleft her hoof into ſo many claws,) Ma y

May tire their carret-bunch, yet ne're agree
To rate *Smectymnuus* for Pole-mony.
Caligula, whoſe pride was mankinds bail,
(As who diſdain'd to murther by retail,)
Wiſhing the world had but one generall neck,
His glutton blade might have found game in
No eccho can improve the Author more (*Smek-*
Whoſe lungs pay uſe on uſe to half a ſcore.
No Felon is more letter'd, though the brand
Both ſuperſcribes his ſhoulder and his hand.
Some Welchman was his Godfather, for he
Weares in his name his Genealogy. (way,
The Banns are ask'd, would but the time give
Betwixt *Smectymnuus* and *Et cætera.*
The Gueſts invited by a friendly ſummons,
Should be the Convocation and the Commons;
The Prieſt to tye the Foxes tayles together,
Moſely, or *Sancta Clara*, chuſe you whether.
See, what an off-ſpring every one expects!
What ſtrange pluralities of men and ſects?
One ſayes hee'l get a Veſtery, another
Is for a Synod: Bet upon the mother: (ſtickle,
Faith! cry St. *George*, let them go to't and
Whether a Conclave or a Convinticle.
Thus might religions catterwaul, and ſpight
Which uſes to divorce, might once unite.
But their croſſe fortunes interdict their trade,
The Groom is Rampant, but the Bride diſplaid.
My task is done, all my hee-Goats are milkt,
So many cards i'th' ſtock, and yet be bilkt?

I could by letters now untwiſt the rabble,
Whip *Smec* from Conſtable to Conſtable.
But there I leave you to another dreſſing;
Only kneel down & take your fathers bleſſing,
May the *Queen Mother* juſtifie your fears,
And ſtretch her Patent to your leather ears.

The mixt Aſſembly.

FLea-bitten Synod; an Aſſembly brew'd
Of Clerks and Elders, *ana*, like the rude
Chaos of Presbyt'ry, where Lay-men guide
With the tame wool-pack Clergy by their ſide:
Who askt the Banns twixt theſe diſcolor'd mates
A ſtrange Groteſco this, the Church and States
Moſt divine tick-tack in a pie-bald crew,
To ſerve as table-men of divers hue.
She that conceiv'd an *Æthiopian* heir
By picture, when the parents both were fair,
At ſight of you had born a dappled Son,
You checquering her imagination.
Had *Jacobs* flock but ſeen you ſit, the dams
Had brought forth ſpeckled & ring-ſtreaked lambs.
Like an Impropriators Motley kind,
Whoſe Scarlet Coat is with a Caſſock lin'd.
Like the Lay-theif in a Canonick weed,
Sure of his Clergy e're he did the deed.
Like *Royſton* crowes, who are (as I may ſay)
Friers of both the Orders, *Black* and *Grey*.

So

So mixt they are, one knows not whether's
A Layre of *Burgesse* or a Layre of *Vicar*. (thicker
Have they usurp'd what Royall *Juda* had?
And now must *Levi* too part stakes with *Gad*?
The Scepter and the Crosier are the crutches,
Which if not trusted in their pious clutches,
Will fail the Cripple state. And wer't not pity
But both should serve the yardwand of the City
That *Isaac* might stroak his beard, and sit
Judge of εἰς ἅδου and *Elegerit*. (drawn!
Oh that they were in chalk and charcoal
The Miscelany satyr, and the fawn,
And all the Adulteries of twisted nature,
But faintly represent this ridling feature,
Whose members being not tallies, they'l not own
Their fellowes at their Resurrection. (story
Strange scarlet Doctours these, they'l passe in
For sinners half refin'd in Purgatory
Or parboyl'd Lobsters, where there joyntly rules
The fading sables, and the coming gules.
The flea that *Falstaff* damn'd, thus lewdly shows
Tormented in the flames of *Bardolphs* Nose.
Like him that wore the Dialogue of Cloaks,
This shoulder *John-a-stile*, that *John-a-Nokes*.
Like Jewes and Christians in a ship together,
With an old Neck-verse to distinguish either;
Like their intended Discipline to boot,
Or whatsoe're hath neither head nor foot:
Such may their stript-stuff hangings seem to be
Sacriledge matcht with Codpiece symony:

Be

Be ſick and dream a little, you may then
Phanſie theſe Linſie-Woolſie Veſtry men.
Forbear good *Pembrook*, be not over-daring
Such company may chance toſpoil thy ſwearing
And theſe Drum-Major oaths of bulk unruly,
May dwindle to a feeble *By my truly*,
Hee that the Noble *Piercies* bloud inherits,
Will he ſtrike up a *Hot-ſpur* of the ſpirits?
Hee'l fright the *Obadiah* out of tune.
With his uncircumciſed *Algernoon*:
A name ſo ſtubborn, 'tis not to be ſcan'd
By him in *Gath* with the ſix fiinger'd hand.
See! they obey the Magick of my words:
Preſto, they'r gone, and now the houſe of Lords
Looks like the wither'd face of an old hagg
But with three teeth like to a triple gagg.
A Jig, a Jig, and in this antick dance
Fielding & doxy *Marſhall* firſt advance, (brace
Twiſſe blows the Scotch pipes, and the loving
Puts on the traces and treades cinque-a-pace.
Then *Say* & *Seal* muſt his old hamſtrings ſupple
And he and rumpled *Palmer* makes a couple.
Palmer's a fruitfull girle, if hee'l unfold her,
The Midwife may find work about her ſhoulder
Kimbolton that rebellious *Boanerges*,
Muſt be content to ſaddle Doctor *Burges*:
If *Burges* get a clap 'tis ne're the worſe,
But the fifth time of his Compurgators.
Nol Bowls is coy, good ſadneſſe cannot dance,
But in obedience to the Ordinance.

Here

Here *Wharton* wheels about, till *Mumping Liddy*,
Like the full Moon, hath made his Lordship giddy
Pym and the *Members* muſt their giblets levy,
T' incounter Madam *Smec* that ſingle Bevy.
If they two truck together, 'twill not be
A Child-birth, but a Gaol-delivery.
Thus every *Gibeline* hath got his *Guelph*,
But *Selden*, hee's a Galliard by himſelf,
And well may be, there's more Divines in him
Than in all this their Jewiſh *Sanhedrim*:
Whoſe Canons in the forge ſhall then bear date
When Mules their Coſin Germanes generate.
Thus *Moſes* Law is violated now,
The Ox and Aſſe go yok'd in the ſame plough,
Reſign thy Coach-box *Twiſs*, *Brook*'s Preacher, hé
Would ſort the beaſts with more conformity.
Water & earth make but one Globe, a Round-
head
Is Clergy-lay, *Party-per-pale* compounded.

The Kings diſguiſe.

AND why a Tenant to this vile diſguiſe, (eyes?
Which who but ſees, blaſphems thee with his
My twins of light within their penthouſe ſhrink
And hold it their Allegiance now to wink.
Oh! for a ſtate-diſtinction to arraign
Charles of high Treaſon 'gainſt my Soveraign.
What an uſurper to his Prince is wont,
Cloyſter and ſhave him, he himſelf hath don't.

His muffled feature ſpeaks him a recluſe,
His ruines prove him a religious houſe.
The Sun hath mew'd his beams from off his lamp,
And Majeſty defac'd the Royal ſtamp.
It's not enough thy Dignitie's in thrall,
But thou'lt tranſmute it in thy ſhape and all?
As if thy blacks were of too faint a die,
Without the tincture of Tautology.
Flay an Ægyptian for his Caſſock skin,
Spun of his Countries darkneſſe, line't within
With Presbyterian budge, that drowſie trance,
The Synod-ſable, foggy ignorance:
Nor bodily, nor ghoſtly Negro could
Rough-caſt thy figure in a ſadder mould:
This Privy-Chamber of thy ſhape would be
But the cloſe-mourner of thy Royalty:
'Twill break the circle of thy Jaylors ſpell,
A Pearl within a rugged Oyſters ſhell.
Heaven, which the Minſter of thy perſon owns,
Will fine thee for Dilapidations:
Like to the martyr'd Abbeys courſer doom,
Devoutly alter'd to a Pidgeon-room:
Or like the Colledge by the changeling rabble,
Mancheſters Elves, transform'd into a ſtable.
Or if there be a prophanation higher,
Such is the Sacriledge of thine attire, (one
By which th'art half depos'd: thou lookſt like
Whole looks are under ſequeſtration.
Whole Renegado form, at the firſt glance,
Shewes like the ſelf-denying Ordinance

Angel

Angel of light, and darkneſſe too, I doubt,
Inſpir'd within, and yet poſſeſs'd without:
Majeſtick twi-light in the ſtate of grace,
Yet with an excommunicated face.
Charles and his Mask are of a different Mint,
A Pſalm of mercy in a miſcreant print.
The Sun wears mid-night, day is beetle-brow'd
And lightning is in Kelder of a cloud.
Oh the accurſt Stenography of fate!
The Princely Eagle ſhrunk into a Bat.
What charm, what Magick vapour can it be,
That ſhrinks his rayes to this Apoſtaſie?
It is but ſubtile film of tiffany air,
No cob-web vizard, ſuch as Ladies wear,
When they are veil'd on purpoſe to be ſeen,
Doubling their luſtre by their vanquiſh'd skreen
Nor the falſe ſcabbard of a Princes tough
Metal, & three-pil'd darkneſſe, like the ſlough
Of an impriſon'd flame: 'tis *Faux* in grain,
Dark-Lanthorn to our high Meridian.
Hell belcht the damp, the *Warwick-caſtle* Vote
Rang *Britains* Corfeu, ſo our light went out.
Thy viſage is not legible, the letters,
Like a Lords name writ in phantaſtick fetters:
Cloaths where a Switzer might be buried quick:
Sure they would fit the body Politick.
Falſe beard enough to fit a ſtages plot,
For that's the ambuſh of their wit, God wot.
Nay all his properties ſo ſtrange appear,
Y'are not i'th' preſence, though the King be there.

A Libel is his dreſſe, a garb uncouth,
Such as the *Hue* & *Cry* once purg'd at mouth.
Scribling aſſaſſinate, thy lines atteſt
An ear-mark due, Cub of the Blatant beaſt,
Whoſe wrath before 'tis ſyllabled for worſe,
Is blaſphemy unfledg'd, a callow curſe.
The Laplanders, when they would ſell a wind
Wafting to hell, bag up thy phraſe, and bind
It to the barque, which at the voyage end
Shifts Poop, & breeds the Collick in the fiend.
But I'le not dub thee with a glorious ſcar,
Nor ſink thy skullar with a man of War.
The black-mouth'd *Si-quis*, and this ſlandering
Both do alike in picture execute. (ſuit,
But ſince we're all call'd Papiſts, why not date
Devotion to the rags thus conſecrate?
As temples uſe to have their Porches wrought
With Sphynxes, creatures of an antick draught,
And puzling Pourtraictures, to ſhew that there
Riddles inhabited, the like is here.

But pardon Sir, ſince I preſume to be
Clerk of this Cloſet to your Majeſty;
Me thinks in this your dark miſterious dreſſe
I ſee the Goſpel coucht in parables.
At my next view my pur-blind fancy ripes,
And ſhews Religion in it's dusky types.
Such a Text-Royall, ſo obſcure a ſhade,
Was *Solomon* in proverbs all array'd.

Come all the brats of this expounding age,
To whom the ſpirit is in pupillage;

You

You that damn more then ever *Sampſon* ſlew,
And with his engine the ſame jaw-bone too:
How is't he ſcapes your Inquiſition free,
Since bound up in the Bibles livery?
Hence Cabinet-intruders, Pick-locks hence,
You that dim Jewels with your Briſtol-ſence:
And Characters, like Witches ſo torment,
Till they confeſſe a guilt, though innocent.
Keys for this Coffer you can never get,
None but St. *Peter* ope's this Cabinet.
This Cabinet, whoſe aſpect would benight
Critick ſpectators with redundant light.
A Prince moſt ſeen, is leaſt: What Scriptures call
The Revelation, is moſt myſtical.
Mount then thou Shadow-royal, & with haſt
Advance thy morning-ſtar, *Charles* overcaſt.
May thy ſtrange journey contradictions twiſt
And force fair weather from a Scottiſh miſt;
Heavens Confeſſor's are pos'd, thoſe ſtar-ey'd
To interpret Eclipſe, thus riding ſtages. (ſages
Thus *Iſrael*-like, he travels with a cloud,
Both as a conduct to him and a ſhroud.
But oh! he goes to *Gibeon*, and renews
A league with mouldy bread, & clouted ſhooes.

The Rebell SCOT.

HOw! Providence! and yet a Scottiſh crew!
Then Madam nature wears black patches too?

What ſhall our Nation be in bondage thus
Unto a Land that truckles under us?
Ring the bells backward, I am all on fire,
Not all the buckets in a Country Quire
Shall quench my rage. A Poet ſhould be fear'd
When angry, like a Comets flaming beard.
And where's the Stoick? can his wrath appeaſe
To ſee his Countrey, ſick of *Pim*'s diſeaſe,
By Scotch iuvaſion to be made a prey
To ſuch *Pig-wiggin Myrmidons* as they? (quote
But that there's charm in verſe, I would not
The name of *Scot* without an antidote;
Unleſſe my head were red, that I might brew
Invention there that might be poiſon too.
Were I a drowſie Judge, whoſe diſmal note
Diſgorgeth halters, as a Juglers throat
Doth ribbands: could I (in Sir Emp'rick's tone)
Speak Pills in phraſe, and quack deſtruction:
Or roar like *Marſhall* that *Geneva* Bull,
Hell and damnation a Pulpit full:
Yet to expreſſe a *Scot*, to play that prize,
Not all thoſe mouth-Granadoes can ſuffice.
Before a *Scot* can properly be curſt,
I muſt (like *Hocas*) ſwallow daggers firſt.
Come keen *Iambicks* with your Badgers feet,
And Badger-like, bite till your teeth do meet.
Help ye tart Satyriſts to imp my rage,
With al the Scorpions that ſhould whip this age.
Scots are like Witches; do but whet your pen,
Scratch till the bloud come, they'l not hurt you then.

Now

Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take
The ſhapes of beaſts, like hypocrites at ſtake,
I'le bait my *Scot* ſo, yet not cheat your eyes;
A *Scot* within a beaſt is no diſguiſe.
No more let *Ireland* brag her harmleſs Nation
Foſters no Venom, ſince the *Scots* plantation:
Nor can ours feign'd antiquity maintain;
Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again.
The *Scot* that kept the Tower, might have ſhown
(Within the grate of his own breſt alone)
The Leopard and the Panther, and ingroſt
What all thoſe wild Collegiats had coſt
The honeſt high-ſhoes in their termly fees,
Firſt to the ſalvage Lawyer, next to theſe.
Nature her ſelf doth Scotch-men beaſts confeſs,
Making their Countrey ſuch a wilderneſſe:
A Land that brings in queſtion and ſuſpence
Gods omni-preſence, but that *Charls* came thence
But that *Montroſe* and *Crawfords* loyal band
Atton'd their ſins, & chriſt'ned half the Land.
Nor is it all the Nation hath theſe ſpots;
There is a Church, as well as *Kirk* of Scots:
As in a picture where the ſquinting paint
Shews fiend on this ſide, and on that ſide ſaint.
He that ſaw Hell in's melancholy dream,
And in the twi-light of his fancy's theam
Scar'd from his ſins repented in a fright,
Had he view'd *Scotland*, had turn'd Proſelyte.
A Land, where one may pray with curſt intent,
O may they never ſuffer baniſhment!

Had *Cain* bin *Scot*, *God* would have chang'd his *doom*
Not forc't him wander, but confin'd him home
Like Jews they ſpread, and as infection fly,
As if the Devil had Ubiquity.
Hence 'tis they live at Rovers, and defie
This or that place; Rags of Geography.
They'r Citizens o'th' world; they'r all in all,
Scotland's a Nation Epidemicall.
And yet they ramble not, to learn the mode
How to be dreſt, or how to liſp abroad;
To return knowing in the Spaniſh ſhrug,
Or which of the Dutch States a double Jug
Reſembles moſt, in belly, or in beard;
(The Card by which the Marriners are ſteer'd.)
No; the *Stots-Errant* fight, & fight to eat; (*meat*:
Their *Oſtrich-ſtomachs* make their *ſwords* their
Nature with *Scots*, as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
Who uſe to hang their teeth upon their belt.
Yet wonder not at this their happy choiſe;
The Serpent's fatall ſtill to *Paradiſe*.
Sure *England* hath the Hemeroids, and theſe
On the North poſture of the patient ſeize,
Like Leeches: thus they Phyſically thirſt
After our bloud, but in the cure ſhall burſt.
Let them not think to make us run o'th ſcore,
To purchaſe villanage as once before,
When an Act paſs'd to ſtroak them on the Head,
Cal them good Subjects, buy them Gingerbread
Nor Gold, nor Acts of grace, 'tis Steel muſt tame
The ſtubborn *Scot*: a Prince that would reclaim
Rebels

Rebels by yielding, doth like him,(or worſe,)
Who ſadled his own back, to ſhame his horſe.
Was it for this you left your leaner ſoil,
Thus to lard *Iſrael* with *Egypts* ſpoil?
They are the Goſpels Life-guard: but for them
The Garriſon of new *Jeruſalem*! (cauſe,
What would the Brethren do? the cauſe! the
Sack poſſets and the fundamentall Laws!
Lord! what a goodly thing is want of ſhirts!
How a Scotch-ſtomack, and no meat, converts!
They wanted food, and raiment; ſo they took
Religion for their Seamſtreſſe, and their Cook.
Unmask them well; their honours and eſtate,
As well as conſcience are ſophiſticate.
Shrive but their titles, and their money poize,
A Laird & twenty pounds pronounc'd without
When conſtru'd, but for a plain Yeoman go,
And a good ſober two-pence, and well ſo.
Hence then you proud Impoſtors, get you gone,
You Picts in Gentry and devotion;
You ſcandal to the ſtock of Verſe, a race
Able to bring the Gibbet in diſgrace.
Hyperbolus by ſuffering did traduce
The Oſtraciſm, and ſham'd it out of uſe.
The Indian, that heaven did forſwear,
Becauſe he heard the Spaniards were there,
Had he but known what *Scots* in hell had been,
He would *Eraſmus*-like have hung between:
My Muſe hath done. A voider for the nonce;
I wrong the Devil ſhould I pick their bones.

That

That diſh is his; for when the *Scots* deceaſe,
Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.
A Scot, when from the Gallow-tree got looſe,
Drops into *Styx*, and turns a Soland-Gooſe.

The Scots Apoſtaſie.

IS't come to this? what ſhal the cheeks of fame,
Stretcht with the breath of learned *Lowdons* name,
Be flag'd again? and that great piece of ſenſe,
As rich in Loyalty and Eloquence,
Brought to the Teſt, be found a trick of State?
Like Chymiſts tinctures, prov'd adulterate?
The devil ſure, ſuch language did atchieve,
To cheat our un-forwarned Grandam *Eve*,
As this impoſtour found out, to beſot
Th' experienc'd *Engliſh* to believe a *Scot*.
Who reconcil'd the Covenants doubtful ſence?
The Commons argument, or the Cities pence?
Or did you doubt perſiſtance in one good
Would ſpoil the fabrick of your brotherhood,
Projected firſt in ſuch a forge of ſinne,
Was fit for the grand devils hammering?
Or was't ambition that this damned fact
Should tell the world you know the ſins you act?
The infamy this ſuper-treaſon brings
Blaſts more than murders of your *ſixty Kings*;
A crime ſo black, as being advis'dly done,
Thoſe hold with theſe no competition.

Kings

Kings onely ſuffer'd then; in this doth lie
Th' Aſſaſſination of *Monarchy*.
Beyond this ſin no one ſtep can be trod,
If not t' attempt depoſing of your God.
Oh were you ſo ingag'd, that we might ſee
Heavens angry lightning 'bout your ears to flee
Til you were ſhrivel'd to duſt; & your cold Land
Parcht to a drought beyond the *Lybian* ſand!
But 'tis reſerv'd, till heaven plague you worſe:
Be Objects of an Epidemick curſe.
Firſt, may your brethren, to whoſe viler ends
Your power hath bawded, ceaſe to be your friends;
And prompted by the dictate of their reaſon,
Reproach the *Traytors* though they hug the *Treason*.
And may their jealouſies increaſe & breed,
Till they confine your ſteps beyond the *Tweed*.
In forrain Nations may your loath'd name be
A ſtigmatizing brand of infamy;
Till forc'd by general hate, you ceaſe to rome
The world, and for a plague to live at home:
Till you reſume your poverty, and be
Reduc'd to beg where none can be ſo free
To grant; and may your ſcabby Land be all
Tranſlated to a generall Hoſpitall.
Let not the Sun afford one gentle ray,
To give you comfort of a Summers day;
But, as a guerdon for your traitorous war,
Live cheriſh'd onely by the Northern ſtar.
No ſtranger deign to viſit your rude coaſt,
And be, to all but baniſht men, as loſt. And

And ſuch in heightning of the infliction due,
Let provok'd Princes ſend them all to you.
Your State a Chaos be, where not the Law,
But power, your lives and liberties may aw.
No Subject 'mongſt you keep a quiet breſt, (beſt;
But each man ſtrive through blood to be the
Till, for thoſe miſeries on us you've brought,
By your own ſword our juſt revenge be wrought
To ſum up all------let your *Religion* be,
As your *Allegiance*, maſk'd hypocriſie:
Until, when *Charls* ſhall be compos'd in duſt,
Perfum'd with Epithetes of *good* and *juſt*;
HE ſav'd, incenſed heaven may have forgot
T'afford one act of mercy to a *Scot*,
Unleſſe that *Scot* deny himſelf, and do
(What's eaſier far) renounce his *Nation* too.

Rupertiſmns.

O That I could but vote my ſelf a Poet!
Or had the Legiſlative knack to do it!
Or like the Doctors militant, could get
Dub'd at adventures Verſer Banneret!
Or had I *Cacus* trick, to make my rimes
Their own Antipodes and track the times.
Faces about, ſayes the *Remonſtrant* ſpirit,
Allegiance is Malignant, Treaſon Merit:
Huntington colt, that pos'd the ſage Recorder,
Might be a ſturgeon now, and paſſe by Order.

Had

Had I but *Elfings* gift (that ſplay-mouth'd brother)
That declares one way, & yet means another;
Could I but write aſquint; then (Sir) long ſince
You had been ſung, *A great and glorious Prince.*
I had obſerv'd the language of the dayes;
Blaſphem'd you, and then perywig'd the phraſe
With humble ſervice, and ſuch other Fuſtian,
Bells which ring backward in this great com-
I had revil'd you, & without offence (buſtion
The Literall, and *Equitable Sence* (do't:
Would make it good: when all fails that will
Sure that diſtinction cleft the Devils foot.
This were my Dialect, would your Highneſſe
To read me but with Hebrew ſpectacles; (pleaſe
Interpret Counter, what is croſſe rehears'd:
Libels are commendation when revers'd:
Juſt as an Optique glaſſe contracts the ſight
At one end, but when turn'd, doth multiply't
But you're inchanted, Sir, your doubly free
From the great guns and ſquibbing Poetry:
Whom neither *Bilbo*, nor invention pierces,
Proof even 'gainſt th' artillery of Verſes. (Mail;
Strange! that the Muſes cannot wound your
If not their art, yet let their ſex prevail.
At that known Leaguer where the bonny *Beſſes*
Suppli'd the bowſtrings with their twiſted treſſes
Your ſpels could nere have fenc'd you, ev'ry arrow
Had lanc'd your noble breſt & drunk the marrow
For beauty like white powder makes no noiſe;
And yet the ſilent hypocrite deſtroyes. Then

Then uſe the Nuns of *Helicon* with pity,
Leſt *Wharton* tell his Goſſips of the City,
That you kill women too; nay maids, and ſuch
Their *Generall* wants *Militia* to touch.
Impotent *Eſſex*, is it not a ſhame,
Our Common-wealth, like to a *Turkiſh Dame*,
Should have an *Eunuch* Guardian? may ſhe be
Raviſh'd by *Charles*, rather than ſav'd by thee.
But why, my Muſe, like a green-ſickneſſe Girl,
Feed'ſt thou on coals and dirt? a gelding Earl
Gives no more reliſh to thy female palat,
Than to that Aſſe did once the thiſtle-ſallat.
Then quit the barren theme? and all at once
Thou and thy ſiſters, like bright *Amazons*,
Give *Rupert* an alarum. *Rupert*! one
Whoſe name is wits Superfœtation:
Makes fancy, like eternities round womb,
Unite all valour, preſent, paſt, to come.
He, who the old Philoſophy controuls,
That voted down plurality of ſouls:
He breaths a grand Committee; all that were
The wonders of their age, conſtellate here.
And as the elder ſiſter, growth and ſence
(Souls paramount themſelves) in man com-
But faculty of reaſons Queen, no more (mence
Are they to him, who were compleat before,
Ingredients of his vertue. Thread the beads
Of *Cæſars* acts, great *Pompeys*, and the *Sweads*:
And 'tis a bracelet fit for *Ruperts* hand,
By which that vaſt triumvirat is ſpan'd.

Here,

Here, here is Palmiſtry; here you may read (bleed
How long the world ſhall live, & when't ſhall
Whatever man winds up, that *Rupert* hath;
For nature rais'd him of the *Publick Faith*,
Pandora's brother, to make up whoſe ſtore,
The Gods were fain to run upon the ſcore.
Such was the Painters Brieve for *Venus* face,
Item an eye from *Jane*, a lip from *Grace*.
Let *Iſaac* and his Citts flay off the plate
That tips their Antlers for the calf of State;
Let the zeal-twanging noſe that wants a ridge,
Snuffling devoutly, drop his ſilver bridge:
Yes, and the goſſip-ſpoon augment the ſum,
Although poor *Caleb* loſe his Chriſtendome:
Rupert out-weighs that in his ſterling ſelf,
Which their ſelf wants paies in commuting pelf
Pardon, great Sir; for that ignoble crew (you.
Gains, when made bankrupt in the ſcales with
As he who, in his Character of light
Stil'd it *Gods ſhadow*, made it far more bright
By an Eclipſe ſo glorious: light is dim,
And a black nothing when compar'd to him.
So'tis illuſtrious to be *Ruperts* foile,
And a juſt trophee to be made his ſpoil.
I'le pin my faith on the *Diurnals* ſleeve
Herafter, & the *Guild-Hall* Creed believe; (hears
The Conqueſts which the Common-Councel
With their wide liſt'ning mouth from the great
That ran away in triumph: ſuch a foe (Peers
Can make them victors in their overthrow,

Where

Where providence and valour meet in one,
Courage ſo poiz'd with circumſpection,
That he revives the quarrel once again
Of the ſouls throne, whether in heart or brain:
Aud leaves it a drawn match: whoſe fervor can
Hatch him, whom Nature poach'd but half a man.
His trumpet like the Angels at the laſt,
Makes the ſoul riſe by a miraculous blaſt.
'Twas the mount *Athos* carv'd in ſhape of man.
(As 'twas defin'd by th' *Macedonian*)
Whoſe right hand ſhould a populous Land contain
The left ſhould be a chanel to the Main(
His ſpirit might informe th' amphibious figure
Yet ſtrait-lac'd ſwears for a Dominion bigger:
The terror of whoſe name can out of ſeaven
(Like *Falſtaffe's* Buckram-men) make fly eleven.
Thus ſome grow rich by breaking: Vipers thus
By being ſlain, are made more numerous.
No wonder they'l confeſſe no loſſe of men,
For *Rupert* knocks'em, till they gig agen.
They fear the giblets of his train, they fear
Even his Dog, that four leg'd *Cavalier:* (makes,
He that devoures the ſcraps which *Lunsford*
Whoſe picture feeds upon a child in ſtakes:
Who, name but *Charles*, he comes aloft for him,
But holds up his Malignant leg at *Pym*.
'Gainſt whom th'ave ſeveral Articles in ſouſe,
Firſt that he barkes againſt the ſence oth'Houſe;
Reſolvd Delinquent, to the Tower ſtraight,
Either to th' Lions or the Biſhops Grate:

Next

Next, for his ceremonious wag o'th' tail,
But there the ſiſter-hood will be his bail,
At leaſt the Counteſſe will, *Luſt*'s *Amſterdam*,
That lets in all religions of the game.
Thirdly, he ſmells intelligence, that's better,
And cheaper too, than *Pim*'s from his own Letter
Who's doubly paid (fortune, or we the blinder?)
For making plots, and then for Fox the finder.
Laſtly, he is a Devil without doubt;
For when he would lie down, he wheels about;
Makes circles, and is couchant in a ring,
And therefore ſcore up one for conjuring.
What canſt thou ſay, thou wretch? O Quarter,
I'm but an inſtrument, a mere S. *Arthur*. (quarter
If I muſt hang, O let not our fates vary,
Whoſe office 'tis alike to fetch and carry.
No hopes of a reprieve, the mutinous ſtir
That ſtrung the Jeſuit, will diſpatch a cur.
Were I a Devil, as the Rebel fears,
I ſee the houſe would try me by my Peers.
There *Jowler*, there! ah *Jowler*! 'ſt 'tis nought,
What ere the accuſers cry, they'r at a fault;
And *Glyn*, and *Maynard* have no more to ſay,
Than when the glorious *Strafford* ſtood at Bay.
Thus Labels but annext to him we ſee,
Enjoy a copyhold of victory.
S. *Peters* ſhadow heal'd; *Rupert* is ſuch, (much:
'Twould find S. *Peters* work, yet wound as
He gags their guns, defeats their dire intent,
The Canons do but liſp and complement.

Sure *Jove* deſcended in a leaden ſhower
To get his *Perſeus*; hence the fatall power
Of ſhot is ſtrangled: bullets thus alli'd,
Fear to commit an act of Parricide.
Go on brave Prince, & make the world confeſſe
Thou art the greater world and that the leſſe,
Scatter th'accumulative King, untruſſ
That five-fold fiend, the States *Smectymnuus*;
Who place Religion in their Vellam ears,
As in their Phylacters the Jews did theirs.
England's a Paradiſe (and a modeſt word)
Since guarded by a Cherubs flaming ſword.
Your name can ſcare an Atheiſt to his prayers;
And cure the Chin-cough better then the Bears
Old *Sibyl* charms the Toth-ach with you: *Nurſe*
Makes you ſtill children; & the pond'rous curſe
The clowns ſalute with, is deriv'd from you,
(*Now* Rupert *take thee, Rogue, how doſt thou do*;)
In fine, the name of *Rupert* thunders ſo,
Kimbolton's but a rumbling Wheel-barrow.

Epitaph on the Earle of STRAFFORD.

HEre lies wise and valiant duſt,
Huddled up'twixt fit and juſt:
Strafford, who was hurried hence
'Twixt treaſon and convenience.

He

He ſpent his time here in a miſt,
A *Papiſt*, yet a *Calviniſt*.
His Prince's neareſt joy and Grief,
He had, yet wanted, all relief:
The Prop and Ruine of the State,
The peoples violent love and hate.
One in extreams lov'd and abhor'd.
Riddles lie here, and in a word,
Here lies bloud, and let lie
Speechleſſe ſtill, and never cry.

Epitaphium *Thomæ* Comitis *Straffordii*, &c.

E*Xurge Cinis, tuumque, ſolus qui potis es, ſcribe Epitaphium.*
Nequit Wentworthi *non eſſe facundus vel Cinis.*
Effare Marmor: & quem cœpiſti comprehendere,
Magne & Exprimere.
Candidius meretur urna, quàm quod rubris
Notatum eſt literis, Elogium.
Atlas *Regiminis Monarchici hic jacet laſſus:*
Secunda Orbis Britannici *intelligentia:*
Rex Politiæ, & Prorex Hiberniæ;
Straffordii, *& Virtutum Comes:*
Mens Jovis, Mercurii *ingenium, & lingua* Apollinis:
Cui Anglia Hiberniam *debuit, ſeipſam* Hibernia:
Sydus Aquilonicum; quo ſub rubicunda veſpera occidente,
Nox ſimul & dies viſa eſt: dextroque oculo flevit,
Lævoque lætata eſt Anglia.
Theatrum Honoris, itemque Scena calamitoſa Virtutis,
Actoribus, morbo, morte, & invidia,
Quæ terris animoſa Regnis, non vicit tamen,
Sed oppreſſit.

Sic inclinavit Heros (non minus) Caput
Belluæ (vel ſic) multorum Capitum.
Merces furoris Scotici, præter pecunias.
Erubuit ne tetigit ſecuris,
Similem quippe nunquam deguſtavit ſanguinem.
Monſtrum narro; fuit tam infenſus Legibus,
Ut prius Legem quàm nata foret, violavit.
Hunc tamen non ſuſtulit Lex,
Verum neceſſitas, non habens Legem.
Abi viator, cætera memorabunt poſteri.

On the Arch-Biſhop of CANTERBURY.

I Need no Muſe to give my paſſion vent,
He brews his tears that ſtudies to lament.
Verſe chimically weeps, that pious rain
Diſtill'd with art, is but the ſweat o'th' brain.
Who ever ſob'd in numbers? can a groan
Be quaver'd out by ſoft diviſion?
'Tis true, for common formall Elegies,
Not *Buſhels* Wells can match a Poets eyes:
In wanton water-works hee'l tune his tears
From a *Geneva* Jig up to the ſphears.
But when he mourns at diſtance, weeps aloof,
Now that the Conduit head is our own roof,
Now that the fate is publick, we may call
It *Britains* Veſpers, *Englands* Funerall.
Who hath a Pencil to expreſſe the Saint,
But he hath eyes too, waſhing off the paint?

There

There is no learning but what tears ſurround,
Like to *Seths* Pillars in the deluge drown'd.
There is no Church, Religion is grown
From much of late, that ſhe's increaſt to none:
Like an Hydropick body full of Rheumes,
Firſt ſwells into a bubble, then conſumes.
The Law is dead, or caſt into a trance,
And by a Law-dough-bak'd, an Ordinance.
The *Liturgy*, whoſe doom was voted next,
Dy'd as a Comment upon him the Text.
Ther's nothing lives: life is, ſince he is gone,
But a Nocturnal Lucubration.
Thus have you ſeen deaths inventory read
In the ſum totall---*Canterburie*'s *dead*.
A fight would make a Pagan to baptize
Himſelf a Convert in his bleeding eyes;
Would thaw the rabble, that fierce beaſt of ours
(That which *Hyena*-like weeps and devours)
Tears that flow brackiſh from their ſouls within
Not to repent, but pickle up their ſin.
Mean time no ſqualid grief his look defiles,
He guilds his ſadder fate with noble ſmiles.
Thus the worlds eye with reconciled ſtreams
Shines in his ſhowers as if he wept his beames.
How could ſucceſſe ſuch villanies applaud?
The State in *Strafford* fell, the Church in *Laud*:
The twins of publick rage adjudg'd to die,
For Treaſons they ſhould act by Prophecy.
The Facts were done before the Laws were made
The trump turn'd up after the game was plaid

Be dull, great ſpirits, and forbear to climb,
For worth is ſin, and eminence a crime.
No Church-man can be innocent and high,
'Tis height makes *Grantham* ſteeple ſtand awry

On *F. W.* A. B. of *York*.

SAy, my young Sophiſter, what think'ſt of this?
Chimera's reall, *Ergo falleris.*
The Lamb and Tyger, Fox and Gooſe agree,
And here concorp'rate in one Prodigie.
Call an *Haruſpex* quickly: let him get
Sul phur and Torches, and a Lawrell wet
To purifie the place, for ſure the harms
This Monſter wil produce, tranſcend his charms
'Tis Natures Maſter-piece of error, this;
And redeems whatever ſhe did amiſſe
Before, from wonder and reproach, this laſt
Legitimateth all her by-blows paſt.
Loe here a generall Metropolitan,
An arch-Prelatique Presbyterian,
Behold his pious Garb, Canonick face,
A zealous *Epiſco-Maſtix* Grace; (brother
A fair blew-Aprond Prieſt, a Lawn-ſleev'd
One Leg a Pulpit holds, a tub the other.
Lets give him a fit name now, if we can,
And make th' Apoſtate once more Chriſtian.
Proteus we cannot call him; he put on
His change of ſhapes by a ſucceſſion;

Nor

Nor the *Welch-Weather-cock*; for that we find,
At once doth only wait upon the wind:
Theſe ſpeak him not, but if youl name him right
Call him *Religious Hermaphrodite.*
His head i'th ſanctified mould is caſt,
Yet ſticks th'abominable Miter faſt;
He ſtill retaines the *Lordſhip* and the *Grace*,
And yet hath got a reverend Elders place.
Such acts muſt needs be his, who did deviſe
By crying altars down to ſacrifice
To private malice; where you might have ſeen
His conſcience holocauſted to his ſpleen.
Unhappy Church, the Viper that did ſhare
Thy greateſt honours, helps to make thee bare,
And void of all thy dignities and ſtore;
Alas! thine own ſon proves the forreſt boar:
And like the Dam-deſtroying Cuccow he,
When the thick ſhell of his Welch pedigree,
By thy warm foſt'ring bounty did divide:
And open, ſtraight thence ſprung forth parricide
As if 'was juſt revenge ſhould be diſpatcht
In thee, by th'Monſter wch thy ſelf hadſt hatcht.
Deſpair not though, in *Wales* there may be got,
As well as *Lincolnſhire* an antidote, (head
'Gainſt the foul'ſt venome he can ſpit, though's
Were chang'd from ſubtle gray to poys'nous red
Heaven with propitious eyes will look upon
Our party now the curſed thing is gone;
And chaſtife Rebels, who nought elſe did miſſe
To fill the meaſure of their ſins, but his;

Whose foul imparallel'd apostasie,
Like to his sacred character shall be
Indelible; when ages then of late
More happy grown with most impartiall fate,
A period to his dayes, and time shall give,
He by such Ephitaphs as this shall live!

Here Yorks *great* Metroplitan *is laid,*
Who Gods Anointed *and his* Church *betraid.*

Mark Anthony.

WHen as the Nightingale chanted her Vespers,
And the wild Forrester couch'd on the ground
Venus invited me in the evening whispers.
Unto a fragrant field with Roses crown'd:
Where she before had sent
My wishes complement,
Unto my hearts content,
Plaid with me on the Green,
Never Mark Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Ægyptian Queen.

First on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feasted,
Thence fear of surfeiting made me retire:

Next

Next on her warmer lips, which when I tasted
My duller spirits made active as fire;
Then we began to dart
Each at anothers heart,
Arrowes that knew no smart:
Sweet lips and smiles between,
Never Mark, &c.

Wanting a glasse to plate her amber tresses,
Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arm,
Gawdier than *Juno* weares when as she graces
Jove with imbraces more stately than warm.
Then did she peep in mine
Eyes humour Christaline;
I in her eyes was seen,
As if we one had been,
Never Mark, &c.

Mysticall Grammer of amorous glances,
Feeling of Pulses the Physick of Love,
Rhetoricall courtings, and Musicall dances;
Numbring of kisses Arithmetick prove.
Eyes like Astronomy,
Streight limb'd Geometry:
In her hearts ingeny
Our wits are sharp and keen.
Never Mark Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Ægyptian Queen.

The Authours Mock-Song to *Mark Anthony.*

WHen as the *Night-raven* ſung *Pluto*'s *Matins*:
And *Cerberus* cried three Amens at an howl,
When night-wandring Witches put on their pat-
Mid-night as dark as their faces are foul: (tins,
Then did the furies doom
That the Night-mare was come;
Such a miſ-ſhapen Groom
Puts down *Su. Pomfret* clean.
Never did *Incubus*
Touch ſuch a filthy Sus,
As this foul Gypſie Quean.

Firſt on her Goosberry cheeks I mine eyes blaſt-
Thence fear of vomiting made me retire; (ed,
Unto her blewer lips, which when I taſted,
My ſpirits were duller than Dun in the mire.
But then her breath took place,
Which went an Uſher's pace,
And made way for her face;
You may gueſſe what I mean.
Never did *Incubus*
Touch ſuch a filthy Sus,
As this foul Gypſie Quean.

Like ſnakes ingendring were platted her treſſes,
Or like ſlimy ſtreaks of ropy ale; Ug-

Ugler then Envy wears, when ſhe confeſſes
Her head is periwig'd with adders tail.
But as ſoon as ſhe ſpake,
I heard a harſh Mandrake:
Laugh not at my miſtake,
Her head is Epicene.
Never did, &c.

Myſticall Magick of conjuring wrincles,
Feeling of pulſes, the Palimſtry of Hags,
Scolding out belches for *Rhetorick*, twincles
With three teeth in her head like to three gags.
Rainbows about her eyes,
And her noſe weather-wiſe,
From them th' Almanack lies,
Froſt, *Pond*, and *Rivers* clean.
Never did, &c.

How the COMMENCEMENT grows new.

IT is no *Curranto*-news I undertake,
New teacher of the Town, I mean not to make.
No *New-England* voyage my Muſe does intend,
No new fleet, no bold fleet, nor bonny fleet ſend,
But if you'l be pleas'd to hear but this ditty,
I'le tell you ſome news as true and as witty;
And how the Commencement grows new.

See how the Symony Doctors abound,
All crowding to throw away fourty pound;
They'l now in their wives ſtammell Petticoats
Without any need of an argument draper, (vaper
Beholding to none he neither beſeeches,
This friend for Ven'ſon, nor t'other for ſpeeches
And ſo the Commencement growes new.

Every twice a day teaching Gaffer
Brings up his Eaſter book to chaffer,
Nay ſome take degrees who never had ſteeple,
Whoſe means like degrees comes from places of
They com to the fair, & at the firſt pluck (people
The Toll-man *Barnaby* ſtrikes 'um good luck.
And ſo, &c.

The Countrey Parſons they do not come up
On Tueſday night in their old Colledg to ſup,
Their bellies and table-books equally full,
The next Lecture dinner their notes forth to pul
How bravely the *Margaret* Profeſſor diſputed
The Homilies urg'd & the ſchool-men confuted
And ſo, &c.

The Inceptor brings not his father, the clown,
To look with his mouth at his Grogoram gown
With like admiration to eat roaſted beef,
Which invention pos'd his beyond Trent-belief
Who, ſhould he but hear our Organs once ſound
Could ſcarce keep his hoof from Salengers round
And ſo, &c. The

The Gentleman comes not to ſhew us his ſatin,
To look with ſome judgment at him that ſpeaks latin,
To be angry with him that makes not his cloaths
To anſwer, O Lord Sir, & talk play-book oaths,
And at the next Bear-baiting (full of his ſack)
To tell his Comrades our diſciplin's ſlack,
And ſo the Commencement grows new

We have no Ptevaricators wit,
Ay marry Sir, when have you had any yet?
Beſides no ſerious Oxford man comes,
To cry down the uſe of Jeſting and hums.
Our ballad, believ't, is no ſtranger than true,
Mum Salter is ſober, and *Jack Martin* too,
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

The Hue and Cry after Sir *John Presbyter.*

With hair in Characters, and Lugs in text;
With a ſplay mouth & a noſe circumflext
With a ſet ruffe of Musket-bore, that wears
Like Cartrages, or linnen Bandileers,
Exhauſted of their ſulphurous contents,
In Pulpit fire-works, which that Bomball vents
The *Negative* and *Covenanting* Oath,
Like two Muſtachoes, iſſuing from his mouth;

The

The buſh upon his chin (like a carv'd ſtory,
In a box knot) cut by the *Directory*;
Madams Confeſſion hanging at his ear, (*Where*
Wire-drawn through all the queſtions, *How* &
Each circumſtance ſo in the hearing felt, (gelt;
That when his ears are cropt hee'l count them
The weeping Caſſock ſcar'd into a Jump,
A ſign the *Presbyter*'s worn to the ſtump:
The *Presbyter* though charm'd againſt miſchance
With the *Divine right* of an *Ordinance*.
If you meet any that doe thus attire 'em,
Stop them, they are the tribe of Adoniram.
What zealous frenzie did the *Senate* ſeize,
To tare the *Rotchet* to ſuch rags as theſe?
Epiſcopacy minc'd, reforming *Tweed*
Hath ſent us *Runts*, even of her Churches breed;
Lay-interlining *Clergy*, a device (*Lice*.
That's nick-name to the ſtuff call'd *Lops* and
The beaſt at wrong end branded, you may trace
The Devils foot-ſteps in his cloven face.
A face of ſeverall pariſhes and ſorts,
Like to a Sergeant ſhav'd at Inn's of Courts.
What mean theſe Elders elſe, thoſe Kirk Dra-
Made up of *Ears* & *Ruffs* like *Ducatoons*? (goons
That *Hierarchy* of *Handicrafts* begun,
Thoſe new *Exchange men* of *Religion*? (out
Sure they'r the *Antick heads*, which plac'd with-
The Church, do gape and diſembogue a ſpout:
Like them above the *Commons houſe* have been
So long without, now both are gotten in;

Then

Then, what imperious in the Biſhop ſounds,
The ſame the Scotch Executor rebounds.
This ſtating *Prelacy*, the *claſſick* rout,
That ſpake it often, e're it ſpake it out;
So by an Abbies Sceleton of late,
I heard an Eccho ſupererogate
Through imperfecteon, and the voice reſtore,
As if ſhe had the hiccop o're and o're.
Since they our mixt Dioceſans combine
Thus to ride double in their Diſcipline,
That Pauls *ſhall to the* Conſiſtory *call*
A Dean *and* Chapter *out of* Weavers-Hall?
Each at the Ordinance for to aſſiſt
With the five thumbs *of his* groat-changing *fiſt.*
Down Dagon-Synod *with thy motley ware,*
Whilſt we do ſwagger for the Common-Prayer,
That Dove-like Embaſſie, that wings our ſence
To heavens gate in ſhape of innocence.
Pray *for the Miter'd Authors, and deſie*
Theſe Demicaſters *of Divinity.*
For where Sir John *with* Jack-*of-all trades joyns,*
His Finger's thicker than the Prelats *Loyns.*

The Antiplatonick.

FOr ſhame, thou everlaſting Woer,
Still ſaying grace, and never falling to her!
Love that's in contemplation plac't,
Is *Venus* drawn but to the waſt.

Unleſſe

Unleſſe your flame confeſſe it's gender,
And your Parley cauſe ſurrender,
Y'are Salamanders of a cold deſire,
That live untoucht amid the hotteſt fire.

What though ſhe be a Dame of ſtone,
The Widow of *Pigmalion*;
As hard and as relenting ſhee
As the new-cruſted *Niobe*;
Or what doth more of Statue carry,
A Nunne of the Platonick Quarry?
Love melts the rigour which the rocks have bred,
A flint will break upon a Feather-bed.

For ſhame you pretty Female Elves,
Ceaſe for to candy up your ſelves:
No more, you ſectaries of the Game,
No more of your calcining flame.
Women commence by *Cupids* Dart,
As a King hunting dubs a Hart:
Loves votaries inthrall each others ſoul,
Till both of them live but upon Paroll.

Vertue's no more in Woman-kind
But the green ſickneſſe of the mind.
Philoſophy, their new delight,
A kind of Char-coal appetite:
There is no Sophiſtry prevails,
Where all-convincing love aſſails;

But

But the diſputing petticoat will warp,
As skilfull gamſters are to ſeek at ſharp.

The ſouldier that man of iron
Whom ribs of *Horror* all inviron;
That's ſtrung with Wire, inſtead of Veins,
In whoſe embraces you'r in chains,
Let a Magnetick girl appear,
Straight he turns *Cupids* Curiaſier.
Love ſtorms his lips, and takes the Fortreſſe in,
For all the briſled Turn-pikes of his chin.

Since Loves Artillery then checks
The breaſt-works of the firmeſt ſex,
Come lets in affections riot,
Th'are fickly pleaſures keep 'a Diet:
Give me a lover bold and free,
Not Eunuch't with formality:
Like an Embaſſadour that beds a Queen
With the nice Caution of a ſword between.

An *Elegie* upon Dr. *Chaderton*, the first Master of *Emanuel* Colledge in *Cambridge*, being above an hundred years old when he died.

Occasioned by his long deferred FUNERALL.

PArdon (dear Saint) that we so late
With lazy sighs bemoan thy fate;
And with an after-shower of verse,
And tears, we thus bedew thy herse:
Till now (alas) we did not weep,
Because we thought thou didst but sleep:
Thou liv'dst so long, we did not know
Whether thou couldst now die or no:
We look'd still, when thou shouldst arise,
And o'pe the casements of thine eyes:
Thy feet which have been us'd so long
To walk, we thought must still go on;
Thine ears after an hundred year,
Might now plead custome for to hear:
Upon thy head that reverend snow
Did dwell some fifty years ago,
And then thy cheeks did seem to have
The sad resemblance of a grave.
Wert thou ere young! for truth I hold,
And do believe thou wert born old,
There's none alive I'me sure can say
They knew thee young, but alwayes gray:
And dost thou now, venerable Oak,
Decline at deaths unhappy stroke?

Tell

Tell me (dear Son) why didſt thou die,
An leav's to write an Elegy ?
We're young (alas) and know thee not,
Send up old *Abraham* and grave *Lot*,
Let them write thine Epitaph, and tell
The world thy worth, they kend thee well :
When they were boyes they heard thee preach,
And thought an Angel did them teach.
Awake them then, and let them come,
And ſcore thy virtues on thy tomb,
That we at thoſe may wonder more,
Than at thy many years before.

MARIES SPIKE-NARD.

SHall I preſume
Without *Perfume*
My *Chriſt* to meet
That is *all ſweet* ?

No, I'le make moſt pleaſant poſies,
Catch the *breath of new blown Roſes*;
Top the pretty merry flowers,
Which *laugh* in the *faireſt Bowers*,
Whoſe *ſweetneſſe* Heaven likes ſo well,
It *ſtoops* each morn to take a ſmell.
Then I'le fetch from the *Phœnix* neſt
The *richeſt Spices*, and the *beſt*,

Pretious Ointments I will make,
Holy Myrrh and *Aloes* take;
Yea, *coſtly Spikenard*, in whoſe ſmell
The *ſweetneſſe* of *all Odours dwell.*
I'le get a *box* to keep it in,
Pure as his *alabaſter skin*,
And then to him I'le *nimbly* fly
Before *one ſickly minute die*:
This *box* I'le *break*, and on *his head*,
This precious Ointment will I ſpread,
Till ev'ry lock, and ev'ry hair
For ſweetneſſe with his breath compare:
But ſure the odour of his skin
Smells ſweeter than the ſpice I bring.
Then with bended knee I'le greet
His holy and beloved feet;
I'le waſh them with a weeping eye,
And then my lips ſhall kiſſe them dry;
Or for a towell he ſhall have
My hair, ſuch flax as nature gave.
But if my wanton locks be bold,
And on thy ſacred feet take hold,
And curl themſelves about, as though
They were loth for to let thee go,
O chide them not, and bid away,
For then for grief they will grow gray.

CHRO-

CHRONOSTICON

Decollationis CAROLI Regis tricesimo die Januarii, secunda hora Pomeridiana, *Anno Dom.* MDCXLVIII.

Ter Deno IanI Labens ReX SoLe CaDente
CaroLVs eXVtVs SoLIo SCeptroqVe SeCVre.

CHARLES----ah forbear, forbear! lest Mortals prize
His name too dearly, and Idolatrize.
His Name! Our Losse! Thrice cursed & forlorn
Be that Black Night which usher'd in this Morn

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign!------hold! lest Out-law'd Sense
Bribe, and seduce tame Reason to dispense
With those Celestiall powers; and distrust
Heav'n can behold such Treason, & prove Just.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign's murther'd! tremble! and (Land,
View what Convulsions shoulder-shake this
Court, City, Country, nay three Kingdoms run
To their last stage, and Set with him their Sun.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign's murther'd at His Gate!
Fell fiends! dire Hydra's of a stiff-neck'd-State!

Strange Body-politick! whoſe Members ſpread,
And, Monſter-like, ſwell bigger then their HEAD.

CHARLES of Great Britain! He! who was the known
King of three Realms, lies murther'd in his own
He! He! who liv'd, and Faith's Defender ſtood,
Dy'd here to re-Baptize it in his bloud.

No more, no more. Fame's Trump ſhal Eccho all
The reſt in dreadfull Thunder. Such a Fall
Great Chriſtendome ne're pattern'd; and 'twas ſtrange.
Earth's Center reel'd not at this diſmal Change

The blow ſtruck Britain blind, each well-ſet Limb
By diſlocation was lopt off in HIM.
And though ſhe yet live's, ſhe live's but to con-dole
Three Bleeding Bodies left without a Soul.

Religion put's on Black, ſad *Loyalty*
Bluſhes and mourns to ſee bright Majeſty
Butcher'd by ſuch Aſſaſſinates; nay both
'Gainſt *God*, 'gainſt *Law*, *Allegiance*, and their *Oath*.

Farewell ſad Iſle! Farewell! thy fatall Glory
Is Sum'd, Caſt up, and Cancell'd in this Story.

AN

AN ELEGIE

Upon King CHARLES *the First, murthered publickly by His Subjects.*

WEre not my *Faith* boy'd up by ſacred bloud,
It might be *drown'd* in this prodigious flood;
Which reaſons higheſt ground doth ſo exceed,
It leaves my *ſoul* no Anch'rage, but my *Creed*;
Where my *Faith* reſting on th'*Originall*,
Supports it ſelf in this the *Copies* fall;
So while my Faith floats on that *Bloudy wood*,
My reaſon's caſt away in this *Red floud*,
Which ne're o'reflows us all: Thoſe ſhowers paſt
Made but Land-flouds, which did ſome vallies waſt;
This ſtroke hath cut the only neck of land
Which between us, and this *Red Sea* did ſtand,
That covers now our world, which curſed lies
At once with two of *Egypts* prodigies;
O're-caſt with darkneſſe, & with bloud o're-run
And juſtly, ſince our hearts have theirs outdone
Th'Inchanter led them to a leſſe knowne ill,
To act his ſin, then 'twas their *King to kill*:
Which crime hath widowed our whole Nation,
Voided all Forms, left but Privation
In *Church* and *State*: inverting ev'ry right;
Brought in Hells State of fire without light;
No wonder then, if all good eyes look red,
Waſhing their Loyal hearts from bloud ſo ſhed;

The which deſerves each pore ſhould turn an eye,
To weep out, even a bloudy *Agony*.
Let nought then paſs for *Muſick*, but ſad cries,
For *beauty* bloudleſs cheeks, & bloud-ſhot eyes.
All colours ſoil but black, all odours have
Ill ſcent but *Myrrh*, incens'd upon this *Grave*:
It notes a *Jew*, not to believe us much
The cleaner made by a religious touch
Of their *Dead Body*, whom to judge to die,
Seems the Judaicall impiety.
To kill the *King*, the *Spirit Legion* paints
His rage with Law, the Temple and the Saints:
But the truth is, He fear'd and did repine,
To be caſt out, and back into the Swine:
And the caſe holds, in that the Spirit bends
His malice in this Act, againſt his ends:
For it is like, the ſooner hee'l be ſent
Out of that body, He would ſtill torment:
Let *Chriſtians* then uſe otherwiſe this bloud,
Deteſt the Act, yet turn it to their good;
Thinking how like a *King of death* He dies;
We eaſily may the world and death deſpiſe:
Death had no ſting for him, and its ſharp arm,
Only of all the troop, meant him no harm.
And ſo he look'd upon the *Axe*, as one
Weapon yet left, to guard Him to his Throne:
In His great Name then may His Subjects cry
Death thou art ſwallowed up in Victory.
If this our loſſe a comfort can admit,
'Tis that his narrowed *Crown* is grown unfit

For

For his enlarged Head, ſince his diſtreſſe
Had greatned this, as it made that the leſſe;
His *Crown* was faln unto too low a thing
For him, who was become ſo great a *King*:
So the ſame hands enthron'd him in that *Crown*
They had exalted from him, not pull'd down:
And thus Gods truth by them hath rendred more
Than ere mens falſhood promis'd to reſtore;
Which, ſince by death, alone he could attain,
Was yet exempt from weakneſſe, & from pain;
Death was enjoyn'd by God, to touch a part,
Might make his paſſage quick, ne'r move his heart
Which ev'n expiring was ſo far from death,
It ſeem'd but to command away his breath.
And thus his *Soul*, of this her triumph proud,
Broke, like a flaſh of lightning, through the cloud
Of fleſh and bloud; and from the higheſt line
Of humane vertue, paſs'd to be divine:
Nor is't much leſſe his vertues to relate,
Than the high glories of his preſent ſtate;
Since both then paſſe all Acts but of belief,
Silence may praiſe the one, the other grief.
And ſince, upon the Diamond, no leſſe
Than Diamonds, will ſerve us to impreſſe,
I'le onely wiſh that for his Elegie,
This our *Joſias* had a *Jeremie*.

AN

AN ELEGIE

On { *The beſt of Men,* / *The meekeſt of Martyrs,* / CHARLES *the* I. &c.

DOes not the Sun call in his light; and day
Like a thin exhalation melt away?
Both wrapping up their Beams in Clouds to be
Themſelves cloſe mourners at the Obſequie
Of this great Monarch? does his Royall Bloud,
Which th'Earth late drunk in ſo profuſe afloud
Not ſhoot through her affrightned womb, and
All her convulſed Arteries to ſhake (make
So long, till all thoſe hinges that ſuſtain,
Like Nerves, the frame of nature ſhrink again
Into a ſhuffled Chaos? Does the Sun
Not ſuck it from its liquid Manſion,
And Still it into vap'rous Clouds, which may
Themſelves in bearded Meteors diſplay,
Whoſe ſhaggy and diſheveld Beams may be
The tapers at this black ſolemnitie?
You Seed of Marble in the Womb accurſt,
Rock'd by ſome ſtorm, or by ſome Tigreſs nurſt
Fed by ſome Plague, which in blind miſts was
To ſtrew infection on the tainted World (hurld
What fury charm'd your hands to Act a deed,
Tyrants to think on would not weep, but bleed?
And Rocks by inſtinct ſo reſent this Fact,
They'ld into Springs of eaſie teares be ſlack'd.

Say

Say ſons of tumult, ſince you think it good,
Still to keep up the Trade, and Bath in Bloud
Your guilty hands, why did you then not ſtate
Your Slaughters at ſome cheap & common rate?
Your gluttonous and laviſh Blades might have
Devoted Myriads to one publick Grave;
And lop'd off thouſands of ſome baſe allay,
Whilſt the ſame Sexton that inter'd their clay,
In the ſame Urn their names too might intomb
But when on him you fixt your fatall Doom,
You gave a blow to Nature, ſince even all
The ſtock of man now bleeds too in his fall.
Could not Religion which you oft have made
A ſpecious gloſſe your black deſigns to ſhade,
Teach you, that we come neareſt Heaven when (we
Are ſuppled into acts of Clemency?
And copie out the Deity agen,
When we diſtil our mercies upon men?
But why do I deplore this ruine? He
Onely ſhook off his frail Humanity,
And with ſuch calmneſſe fell, he ſeem'd to be,
Even leſſe unmov'd and uneoncern'd than we;
And forc'd us from our Throes of Grief to ſay,
We onely died, he onely liv'd that Day:
So that his Tomb is now his Throne become
T'inveſt him with the Crown of Martyrdome:
And death the ſhade of nature did not ſhrowd
His Soul in Miſts, but its clear Beams uncloud,
That who a Star in our Meridian ſhone
In Heaven might ſhine a Conſtellation.

Upon

Upon the Death of CHARLES the First.

GReat! Good! and Juſt! could I but rate
My griefs, and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to ſuch a ſtrain,
As it ſhould Deluge once again.
But ſince thy loud-tongu'd bloud demands ſupplies,
More from *Briareus* hands, than *Argus* eyes,
I'le ſing thy Obſequies, with Trumpet ſounds.
And write thy *Epitaph* with *Blood* and *Wounds*.

MONTROSE.

Written with the point of his Sword.

ADDITIONS.

The Publick Faith.

STand off my Masters : 'Tis your pence a piece,
Jason, *Medea*, and the golden Fleece;
What side the line good Sir ? *Tigris*, or *Po* ?
Lybia ? *Japan* ? *Whisk* ? or *Tradinktido* ?
St. Kits ? *St. Omer* ? or *St. Margaret*'s Bay ?
Presto begon ? or come aloft ? what way ?
Doublets ? or Knap ? the Cog ? low Dice ? or high ?
By all the hard names in the Letany,
Bell, book and candle, and the *Pope*'s great toe
I conjure thy account: Devil say no.
Nay since I must untruss, gallants look to't,
Keep your prodigious distance forty foot,
This is that *Beast of eyes* in th' *Revelations*,
The *Basilisk* has twisted up three Nations.
Pontens Hixius doxius, full of tricks,
The *Lottery* of the vulgar lunaticks.
The *Knapsack* of the State, the thing you wish,
Magog and *Gog* stew'd in a Chaffendish.
A bag of spoons and whistles, wherein men
May whistle when they see their Plate agen.

Thus

Thus far his Infancy: His riper age
Requires a more miſterious folio page.
Now that time ſpeaks him perfect, and 'tis pity
To dandle him longer in a cloſe Committee,
The elf dares peep abroad, the pretty fool
Can wag without a truckling ſtanding-ſtool;
Revenge his Mother's infamy, and ſwear
Hee's the fair off-ſpring of one half-ſcore year?
The Heir of the Houſe and hopes, the cry
And wonder of the People's miſery.
'Tis true, while as a Puppie it could play
For Thimbles, any thing to paſſe the day;
But now the Cub can count, arithmatize,
Clinck *Maſenello* with the *Duke* of *Guiſe*;
Sign for an *Iriſh purchaſe*, and traduce
The *Synod* from their Doctrine to their Uſe;
Give its Dam ſuck, and a hidden way
Drink up arrears *a tergo mantica.*
An everlaſting Bale, Hell in Trunk-hoſe,
Uncaſed, the Divel's *Don Quixot* in proſe.
The Beaſt and the falſe Prophet twin'd together,
The ſquint-eyed emblem of all ſorts of weather.
The refuſe of that Chaos of the earth,
Able to give the world a ſecond birth.
Affrick avaunt! Thy trifling monſters glance
But Sheeps-eyed to this Penal Ignorance.

That

That all the prodigies brought forth before
Are but Dame Natures bluſh left on the ſcore.
This ſtrings the Bakers dozen, chriſtens all
The croſs-leg'd hours of time ſince *Adam*'s fall.
The publick faith? why 'tis a word of kin,
A Nephew that dares *Cozen* any ſin.
A term of Art, great *Behemoth*'s younger Brother,
Old *Machiavel*, and half a thouſand other.
Which when ſubſcrib'd writes *Legion*, names on Truſs,
Abaddon, *Belzebub*, and *Incubus*,
All the *Vice-Royes* of darkneſs, every ſpell
And Fiend wrap'd in a ſhort Triſſillable.
But I fore-ſtall the ſhow. Enter and ſee,
Salute the Door, your *Exit* ſhall be free.
In brief 'tis call'd Religions eaſe, or loſs,
For no one's ſufferd here to bear his croſſe.

A Lenten Letany.

Compoſed for a confiding Brother, for the benefit and edification of the faithfull Ones.

FRom villany dreſt in the doublet of zeal,
From three Kingdomes bak'd in one common weal,
From a gleek of *Lord Keepers* of one poor Seal
Libera nos, &c.
From

From a Chancery-writ, and a whip and a bell,
From a Juſtice of Peace that never could ſpell,
From *Colonel* P. and the *Vicar of Hell*
Libera nos, &c.

From Neat's feet without ſocks and three-penny Pyes,
From a new ſprung light that will put out ones eyes,
From Goldſmiths Hall, the Devil and Excize
Libera nos, &c.

From two hours talk without one word of ſenſe,
From liberty ſtill in the future tenſe,
From a Parliament long-waſted conſcience,
Libera nos, &c.

From a Coppid crown-Tenent prick'd up by a Brother,
From damnable members & fits of the Mother,
From ears like Oyſters that grin at each other,
Libera nos, &c.

From a Preacher in buff, and a quarter-ſtaff-ſteeple,
From th' unlimited ſoveraign power of the People,
From a Kingdome that crawls on its knees like a Creeple,
Libera nos, &c.

From

From a vinegar Prieſt on a Crab-tree ſtock,
From a foddering of prayer four hours by the Clock,
From a holy Siſter with a pittifull Smock.
Libera nos, &c.

From a hunger-ſtarv'd Sequeſtrators maw,
From Revelations and Viſions that never man ſaw,
From Religion without either Goſpel or Law
Libera nos, &c.

From the Nick and Froth of a penny pot-houſe,
From the Fidle & Croſs, & a great Scotch Louſe,
From Committees that chop up a man like a Mouſe.
Libera nos, &c.

From broken ſhins and the bloud of a Mantyr,
From the titles of Lords and Knights of the Garter,
From the teeth of Mad-dogs and a Countrymans quarter.
Libera nos, &c.

From the Publique Faith and an egg & butter,
From the Iriſh pur chaſes and all their clutter,
From *Omega*'s noſe, when he fettles to ſputter,
Libera nos, &c.

From the zeal of old *Harry* lock'd up with a Whore,
From waiting with plaints at the Parliament dore,
From the death of a King without why or wherefore,

Libera nos, &c.

From the French diſeaſe and the Puritan fry,
From ſuch as nere ſwear but devoutly can lye,
From cutting of capers full three ſtory high,

Libera nos, &c.

From painted glaſs and Idolatrous cringes,
From a *Presbyters* Oath that turns upon hinges
From *Weſtminſter Jews* with Levitical fringes,

Libera nos, &c.

From all that is ſaid, & a thouſand times more,
From a Saint and his charity to the Poor,
From the plagues that are kept for a Rebel in ſtore.

Libera nos, &c.

The ſecond part.

THat if it pleaſe thee to aſſiſt
Our *Agitators* and their liſt,
Amd *Hemp* them with a gentle twiſt,

Quæſumus te, &c,

That

That it may pleaſe thee to ſuppoſe
Our actions are as good as thoſe
That gull the people through the noſe,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee here to enter
And fix the rumbling of our center,
For we live all at peradventure,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to unite
The fleſh and bones unto the ſprite,
Elſe faith and literature good night.
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee O that wee
May each man know his Pedigree,
And ſave that plague of Heraldry,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee in each Shire,
Cities of refuge Lord to reare
That failing Brethren may know where,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to abhor us,
Or any ſuch dear favour for us
That thus have wrought thy peoples ſorrows,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to embrace
Our dayes of thanks and faſting face,
For robbing of thy holy place.
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to adjourn
The day of judgment, leaſt we burn,
For lo! it is not for our turn,

Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to admit
A cloſe Committee there to ſit,
No devil to a humane wit!

Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to diſpence
A little for convenience,
Or let us play upon the ſenſe,

Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to embalm
The Saints in *Robin Wiſdom's Pſalm*,
And make them muſicall and calm.

Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee ſince 'tis doubt
Satan cannot throw Satan out,
Unite us and the Highland rout.

Quæſumus te, &c.

A Hue and Cry after the Reformation:

WHen Temples lye like batter'd Quarrs,
Rich in their ruin'd Sepulchers,
When Saints forſake their painted glaſs
To meet their worſhip as they paſs,

When

When Altars grow luxurious with the dye
Of humane bloud,
Is this the floud
Of Chriſtianity?
When Kings are cup-boarded like cheeſe,
Sights to be ſeen for pence a piece,
When Dyadems like brokers tire
Are cuſtom'd reliques ſet to hire,
When Soveraignty and Scepters looſe their (names
Stream'd into words
Carv'd out by ſwords
Are theſe refining flames?
When ſubjects and Religion ſtir
Like Meteors in the Metaphor,
When zealous hinting and the yawn
Excize our *Miniver* and *Lawn*,
When blue digreſſions fill the troubled ayre
And th' Pulpit's let
To every Set
That will uſurp the chair?
Call yee me this the night's farewell
When our noon day's as dark as Hell?
How can we leſſe than term ſuch lights
Eccleſiaſtick Heteroclites?
Bold ſons of *Adam* when in fire you crawl
Thus high to bee
Perch'd on the tree,
Remember but the fall.
Was it the glory of a King
To make him great by ſuffering?

Was there no way to build God's Houſe
But rendring of it infamous?
If this be then the merry ghoſtly trade?
To work in gall?
Pray take it all
Good brother of the blade.
Call it no more the Reformation
According to the new tranſlation:
Why will you wrack the common brain
With words of an unwonted ſtrain?
As plunder? or a phraſe in ſenſes cleft?
When things more nigh
May well ſupply
And call it down-right theft.
Here all the *School-men* and *Divines*
Conſent, and ſwear the naked lines
Want no expounding or conteſt,
Or *Bellarmine* to break a jeſt.
Since then the Heroes of the pen with mee
Nere ſcrue the ſenſe
With difference,
We all agree agree.

A Committee.

CAſt *Knaves* my *Maſters*, fortune guide the chance,
No packing I beſeech you, no by-glance
To mingle pairs, but fairly ſhake the bag,
Cheats in their ſpheres like ſubtile ſpirits wag.

Or

Or if you pleaſe the Cards run as they will,
There is no choice in ſin and doing ill. (ods,
Then happy man by's dole, luck makes the
He acts moſt high that beſt out-dares the gods.
Theſe are that *Raw-bon'd Herd* of *Pharaoh*'s Kine
Which eat up all your fatlings, yet look lean.
Theſe are the after-claps of bloudy ſhowres
Which, like the *Scots*, come for your gude and yours.
The gleaners of the field, where, if a man
Eſcape the ſword that milder frying-pan,
He leaps into the fire, cramping the claws
Of ſuch can ſpeak no Engliſh but the cauſe.
Under that foggy term, that Inquiſition,
Y' are wrackt at all adventures *On ſuſpition*.
No matter what's the crime, a good eſtate's
Delinquency enough to ground their hate.
Nor ſhall calm innocence ſo ſcape, as not
To be made guilty, or at leaſt ſo thought.
And if the ſpirit once inform, beware,
The fleſh and world but renegadoes are.
Thus once concluded, out the *Teazers* run
All in full cry and ſpeed till *Wat*'s undone.
So that a poor *Delinquent* fleec'd and torn
Seems like a man that's creeping through a horn, (when
Finds a ſmooth entrance, wide and fit, but
Hee's ſqueez'd and forc'd up through the ſmaller end,

He looks as gaunt and pin'd, as he that ſpent
A tedious twelve years in an eager Lent;
Or bodies at the *Reſurrection* are
On wing, juſt rarifying into aire.
The *Emblem* of a man, the pitied *Caſe*
And ſhape of ſome ſad being once that was.
The *Type* of fleſh and bloud, the Skeleton
And ſuperficies of a thing that's gone.
The winter quarter of a life, the tinder
And body of a corps ſqueez'd to a cinder;
When no more tortures can be thought upon,
Mercy ſhall flow into oblivion.

Mereifull Hell! thy Judges are but three,
Ours multiform, and in pluralitie!
Thy calmer cenſures flow without recal,
And in one doom ſouls ſee their finall all.
We travel with expectance: Suffrings here
Are but the earneſts of a ſecond fear.
Thy pains and plagues are infinite; 'tis true
Ours are not only infinite but new,
So that the dread of what's to come exceeds
The anguiſh of that part already bleeds.

This only difference ſwells 'twixt us & you,
Hell has the kinder *Devils* of the two.

On the happy Memory of Alderman Hoyle *that hang'd himſelf.*

ALL *hail* fair fruit! may every Crab-tree bear
Such bloſſoms, and ſo lovely every year!
Call yee me this the ſlip? 'marry 'tis well,
Zacheus ſlip'd to Heaven, the Thief to Hell:
But if the Saints thus give's the ſlip, 'tis need
To look about us to preſerve the breed.
Th'are of the Running game, and thus to poſt
In nooſes, blanks the reckning with their *Hoſt*.
Here's more than *Truſſum cordum* I ſuppoſe
That knit this knot: guilt ſeldom ſingly goes!
A wounded ſoul cloſe coupled with the ſenſe
Of ſin, payes home its proper recompence.
But hark you Sir, if haſt can grant the time?
See you the danger yet what 'tis to climbe
In Kings prerogatives? things beyond juſt,
When Law ſeems brib'd to doom them, muſt be truſs'd.
But O I ſmell your plot ſtrong through your hoſe,
'Twas but to cheat the Hang-man of your cloaths,
Elſe your more active hands had fairly ſtay'd
The leaſure of a Pſalm: *Judas* has pray'd.
But later crimes cannot admit the pauſe,
They run upon effects more than the cauſe.

Yet

Yet let me aſk one queſtion, why alone?
One member of a corporation?
Tis clear amongſt Divines, bodys and ſouls
As joyntly active, ſo their judgment rowles
Concordant in the ſentence; why not ſo
In earthly ſuffrings? *States* attended goe.
But I perceive the knack: Old women ſay
And bee't approv'd, each dog ſhould have his day.
Hence ſweep the Almanack: *Lilly* make room,
And blanks enough for the new Saints to come,
All in *Red letters*: as their faults have bin
Scarlet, ſo limbe their *Anniverſe* of ſin
And to their childrens credits and their wives
Be it ſtill ſaid, they leap fair for their lives.

Platonique Love.

BEgon fantaſtick whimſey, hence begon!
I ſlight thy dreams, I'me no *Camelion*,
Nor can I feed on Ayry ſmoaky bliſſes,
Or bayt my ſtrong deſire with ſmiles and kiſſes
Old *Tantalus* as well may ſurfet on
The flying ſtreames by contemplation.

Give me a minute's heaven with my love,
Where I may roule in pleaſures far above

The

The idle fancy of the ſoul's embrace,
Where my ſwift hand may raviſh all the grace
Of beauties wardrop, where the longing Bride
May feaſt her fill, yet nere be ſatisfied.

Blaſpheme not Love with any other name
Than an enjoyment kindled from the flame
Of panting breſts, mix'd in a ſweet deſire
Of ſomthing more than barely to admire.
'Though ſighs and ſignes may make the pulſes beate,
'Action's the bellowes that preſerve the heat.

If all content were placed in the eye
And thoughts compriz'd the whole felicity?
Pictures might court each other, & exchange
Their white-lime looks, woo hard, and yet ſeem ſtrange:
'No! Love requires a quick and home embrace,
'Nor can it dwell for ever on the face.

'What ever glories Nature's tender care
'Compiles to make a piece divinely rare,
'Th'are but the ſweet allurements of the eye
'Fix'd on a ſtage to catch the ſtanders by.
'Or like rich *Signes* expoſed to open ſight
'To tempt the Traveller to ſtay all night.

Yield then (my chaſt *Clarinda*) once to ſee
The ſweet *Maander* of *Love's libertie*.

And

And ſeal thy thoughts a Grant to underſtand
The welcome pleaſures of a wife well mann'd.
For all the ſweets miſtaken in a kiſſe
Are but the empty circumſtance of this.

So ſhall a full content wipe out the ſcore
Of all our ſorrows that have paſs'd before.
Not a ſad ſigh ſhall ſcape unſatisfied
Which in its maſter's paſſion wept and died.
But like a Sea made ſubject to our Oares
Wee'le hoiſe up Sail and touch the wiſhed Shoares.

Chriſtmaſs Day;

Or the Shuttle of an inſpired Weaver bolted againſt the Order of the Church for its Solemnity.

CHriſt-maſs? Give me my beads: The word implies
A plot, by its ingredients Beef and Pyes!
A feaſt *Apocryphal*, a popiſh rite
Kneaded in dough (beloved) in the night;
The night (beloved) that's as much to ſay
(By late tranſlations) not in the day.
An annual dark-lanthorn *Jubile*,
Catesby and *Vaulx* bak'd in conſpiracie,
The *Hierarchie* of *Rome*, the *Triple Crown*
Confeſs'd in *Triangles*, then ſwallow'd down,
With

With Spaniſh Sack? The eighty eight *Armado*
Newly preſented in an *Ovenado*.
O *Calvin*! now my *Cauſe* upon thee fixes,
Were ere ſuch dregs mix'd with *Geneva* ſixes?
The cloyſter'd ſteaks with ſalt and pepper lie
Like *Nunnes* with patches in a *Monaſtrie*.
Prophaneſſe in a *Conclave*? nay much more
Idolatrie in cruſt! *Babylon*'s *Whore*
Rak'd from the grave, and bak'd by hanches,
Serv'd up in coffins to unholy men (then
Defiled with ſuperſtition, like the *Gentiles*
Of old, that worſhip'd *Onions*, *Roots* & *Lentiles*!
Did ever *John* of *Leyden* prophecy
Of ſuch an *Antichriſt* as pudding-pye?
Beloved 'tis a thing when it appears,
Enough to ſet the *Saints* all by the ears,
In ſolving of the text, a doubtfull ſin
Reformed Churches nere conſented in. (pray
But hold (my *Brethren*) while I preach and
Me thinks the *Manna* melts and waſts away,
I am a man as all you are, have read
Of *Peter*'s ſheet, how he devoutly fed
Without exception; therefore to diſpence
A little with the worm of conſcience,
And bend unto the creature, I profeſs,
Zeal and a Pye may joyn both in a meſs.
The deareſt ſons may erre, then why a ſinner
May I not eat? ſince *HUGH* eat three to dinner?

Piæ

Piæ Memoriæ

Doctiſs. Reverendiſſimique in Chriſto Patris, *Johannis Prideaux* quam-noviſſime *Wigorniæ* Epiſcopi, harumque triſtiſſime lacrymarum Patroni nec non defuncti.

BVſta ſtruant alii, lacrymiſque altare refundant,
Quorum triſtitia fata pianda cadunt.
Talia præcurant cineres monumenta puſilli,
Queis melos & tumulum fama gemenda petit.
Hic neque pyramidum, nec inertis monſtra coloſſi
Poſcuntur, ſubito corruitura die.
Gloria ſecuri confidentiſſima Cœli
Non vocat hæc ſtellis aſtra minora ſuis.
Sic tuus aſcendit currus, digniſſime Præſul,
Terreni miſeranſ futile honoris onus.
Sed væ Zodiaco noſtro, væ (Phœbe) trementi,
Ortus enim patriæ lux tenebræque fuit.
In te floruimus, tecum decerpimur omnes
Et Pater & gnati: Molliter oſſa cubent.
Parva tegant tenues & aperti funera fletu,
Tanta ruant ſuperis damna ſilenda metu.

Ob-

Obſequies

On that right Reverend Father in God John Prideaux *late Biſhop of* Worceſter *deceaſed.*

IF by the fall of *Luminaries* wee
May ſafely gueſs the world's *Cataſtrophe*?
The ſigns are all fullfill'd, the *Token*'s flown,
(That ſcarce a man has any of his own)
Only the *Jewes* converſion ſome doubt bred,
But that's confuted now the *Doctor*'s dead.
Great *Atlas* of Religion! ſince thy fate
Proclaims our loſs too ſoon, our tears too late,
Where ſhall the bleeding *Church* a Champion
To Graſp with Hereſie? Or to maintain (gain
Her conflict with the Devil? For the ods
Runs biaſs'd ſix to four againſt the *Gods*.
Hell liſts amain, nay and th' engagement flies
With winged *Zeal* through all the Sectaries,
That ſhould ſhe ſoundly into queſtion fall,
We were within a *Vote* of none at all.
But can this hap upon a ſingle death?
Yes: For thou wert the treaſure of our breath.
That pious *Arch* whereon the building ſtood
Which broke, the whole's devolv'd into a
ſloud;
An inundation that ore-bears the banks
And bounds of all religion: If ſome ſtancks

Shew

Shew their emergent heads? Like *Seth*'s famed ſtone
Th' are monuments of thy devotion gone!
No wonder then the rambling *Spirits* ſtray,
In thee the body fell, and ſlipt away.
Hence 'tis the Pulpit ſwells with exhalations,
Intricate non-ſenſe travell'd from all Nations,
Notions refin'd to doubts, & maxims ſqueez'd,
With tedious hick-ups till the ſenſe grows freez'd.
If ought ſhall chance to drop we may call good,
'Tis thy diſtinction makes it underſtood.
Thy glorious Sun made ours a perfect day,
Our influence took its being from thy ray.
Thine was that *Gideon*'s fleece, when all ſtood dry, (high.
Pearl'd with celeſtiall dew, ſhowr'd from on (ſpread,
But now thy night is come, our ſhades are
And living here we move among the dead.
Perhaps an *Ignis fatuus* now and then
Starts up in holes, ſtinks and goes out agen.
Such *Kickſee Winſee* flames ſhew but how dear
Thy great *Light*'s reſurrection would be here.
A *Brother* with five loaves and two ſmall fiſhes,
A table-book of ſighs, and looks, and wiſhes,
Startles Religion more at one ſtrong doubt,
Than what they mean when as the candle's out.

But

But I profane thy aſhes (gratious ſoul)
Thy ſpirit flew too high to truſs theſe foul
Gnoſtick opinions. Thou deſired'ſt to meet,
Such tenents that durſt ſtand upon their feet,
And beard the *Truth* with as intenſ'd a zeal
As *Saints* upon a faſt night quilt a meal.
Rome never trembled till thy peircing eye
Darted her through, and cruſh'd the myſterie.
Thy *Revelations* made *St. John*'s compleat,
Babylon fell indeed, but 'twas thy ſweat
And oyle perform'd the work: to what we ſee
Foret old in miſty types, broke forth in thee.
Some ſhallow lines were drawn, and ſconces made
By ſmatterers in the Arts, to drive a trade
Of words between us, but that proved no more
Than threats in cowing feathers to give ore.
Thy fancy laid the *Siedg* that wrought her fall;
Thy batteries commanded round the wall:
Not a poor loop-hole error could ſneak by,
No not the *Abbeſs* to the Friery,
Though her diſguiſe as cloſe and ſubtly good
As when ſhe wore the *Monk*'s hoſe for a hood.
And if perhaps their *French* or *Spaniſh* wine
Had fill'd them full of beads and *Bellarmine*,
That they durſt ſalley, or attempt a guard,
O! how thy buſy brain would beat & ward!
Rally! and reinforce! rout! and relieve!
Double reſerves! and then an onſet give

Like marſhall'd thunder back'd with flames of fire?
Storms mixt with ſtorms? Paſſion with globes of ire?
Yet ſo well diſciplin'd that judgment ſtill
Sway'd, and not raſh *Commiſſionated* will.
No, words in thee knew order, time, & place,
The inſtant of a charge, or when to face?
When to purſue advantage, where to halt,
When to draw off, and where to re-aſſault.
Such ſure commands ſtream'd from thee, that 'twas one
With thee to vanquiſh as to look upon.
So that thy ruin'd Foes groveling confeſſe
Thy conqueſts were their fate and happineſſe.
Nor was it all thy buſineſs here to war
With forreign forces: But thy active ſtar
Could courſe a home-bred miſt, a native ſin,
And ſhew its guilt's degrees how, & wherein;
Then ſentence and expel it: Thus thy ſun
An everlaſting ſtage in labour run;
So that its motion to the eye of man
Waved ſtill in a compleat *Meridian.*
But theſe are but fair comments of our loſs,
The glory of a *Church* now on the *Croſs*:
The tranſcript of that beauty once we had,
Whiles with the luſtre of thy preſence clad:
But thou art gone (*Brave Soul*) & with thee all
The gallantry of Arts *Polemicall.*

Nothing

Nothing remains as *Primitive* but talk
And that our Prieſts again in *Leather* walk.
A *Flying miniſtrie* of horſe and foot,
Things that can ſtart a text but nere come to't.
Teazers of doctrines, which in long-ſleev'd
Run down a Sermon all upon the noſe. (proſe
Theſe like dull glow-worms twinckle in the
night,
The frighted *Land-skips* of an abſent light.
But thy rich flame's withdrawn, heaven
caught thee henc,e
Thy glories were grown ripe for recompence:
And therefore to prevent our weak eſſaies
Th'art crown'd an Angel with cœleſtial Bayes:
And there thy raviſh'd Soul meets field and
Beauties enough to fill its ſtrong deſire. (fire,
The contemplation of a preſent *God*,
Perfections in the womb, the very road
And *Eſſenſies* of vertues as they bee
Streaming and mixing in *Eternitie*.
Whiles we poſſeſs our ſouls but in a veyle,
Live earth confined, catch heaven by retaile,
Such a dark-lanthorn age, ſuch jealous dayes
Men tread on Snakes, ſleep in *Bataliaes*,
Walk like *Confeſſors*, hear, but muſt not ſay
What the bold world dares act,& what it may,
Yet here all votes, *Commons* and *Lords* agree,
The *Croſier* fell in *Laud*, the *Church* in thee.

On the death of his Royall Majeſty Charles *late King of* England *&c.*

WHat went you out to ſee? a dying King?
Nay more, I fear an Angel ſuffering.
But what went you to ſee? A Prophet ſlain?
Nay that and more, a martyrd Soveraign.
Peace to that ſacred duſt! *Great Sir* our fears
Have left us nothing but obedient tears
To court your hearſe; & in thoſe pious flouds
We live, the poor remainder of our goods.
Accept us in theſe later obſequies,
The unplundred riches of our hearts and eyes
For in theſe faithful ſtreams and emanations
W'are ſubjects ſtill beyond all *Sequeſtrations.*
Here we cry more than Conquerours: malice
Murder eſtates, but hearts will ſtill obey (may
Theſe as your glory's yet above the reach
Of ſuch whoſe purple lines confuſion preach.
And now (*Dear Sir*) vouchſafe us to admire
With envy your arrival, and that *Quire*
Of *Cherubims* and *Angels* that ſupply'd
Our duties at your tryumphs: where you ride
With full cæleſtial *Ioes*, and *Ovations*
Rich as the conqueſt of three ruin'd *Nations.*
But 'twas the heavenly plot that ſnatch'd you hence,
To crown your ſoul with that magnificence

And

And bounden rites of honour, that poor earth
Could only wiſh and ſtrangle in the birth.
Such pitied emulation ſtop'd the bluſh
Of our ambitious ſhame, non-ſuited us.
For where ſouls act beyond mortality
Heaven only can performe that *Jubilee*.
We wraſtle then no more, but bleſs your day
And mourn the anguiſh of our ſad delay:
That ſince we cannot add, we yet ſtay here
Fettered in clay: Yet longing to appear
Spectators of your bliſs, that being ſhown
Once more, you may embrace us as your own;
Where never envy ſhall devide us more,
Nor Citty-tumults, nor the worlds uproar;
But an eternal huſh, a quiet peace
As without end, ſo ſtill in the increaſe,
Shall lull humanity a ſleep, and bring
Us equal ſubjects to the heavenly King.
Till when I'le turn *Recuſant*, and forſwear
All *Calvin*, for there's *Purgatory* here.

An Epitaph.

STay Paſſenger: Behold and ſee
The widdowed grave of *Majeſtie*.
Why trembleſt thou? Here's that will make
All but our ſtupid ſouls to ſhake.
Here lies entomb'd the ſacred duſt
Of *Peace* and *Piety*, Right and juſt.

The bloud (O ſtart'ſt not thou to hear?)
Of a *King*, 'twixt hope and fear
Shed, and hurried hence to bee
The miracle of miſerie.
Add the ills that *Rome* can boaſt.
Shrift the world in every coaſt,
Mix the fire of earth and ſeas
With humane ſpleen and practiſes,
To puny the records of time,
By one grand *Gygantick* crime,
Then ſwell it bigger till it ſqueeze
The globe to crooked hams and knees,
Here's that ſhall make it ſeem to bee
But modeſt *Chriſtianitie*.
The *Lawgiver*, amongſt his own,
Sentenc'd by a Law unknown.
Voted *Monarchy* to death
By the courſe *Plebeian* breath.
The *Soveraign* of all command
Suff'ring by a *Common* hand.
A *Prince*, to make the odium more,
Offer'd at his very door.
The head cut off, o death to ſee't!
In obedience to the feet.
And that by *Juſtice* you muſt know,
If you have faith to think it ſo.
Wee'le ſtir no further than this ſacred Clay,
But let it ſlumber till the *Judgment* day.
Of all the *Kings* on earth, 'tis not denyed,
Here lies the firſt that for Religion died.

A Survey of the World.

THe *World*'s a guilded trifle, and the ſtate
Of ſublunary bliſs adulterate.
Fame but an empty ſound, a painted noiſe,
A wonder that nere looks beyond nine dayes.
Honour's the tennis-ball of fortune: Though
Men wade to it in bloud and overthrow;
Which like a box of dice uneven dance,
Somtimes 'tis one's, ſomtimes another's chance.
Wealth but the hugg'd conſumption of that heart
That travailes Sea & Land for his own ſmart.
Pleaſure a courtly madneſs, a conceit
That ſmiles and tickles without worth or weight,
Whoſe ſcatter'd reck'ning when 'tis to be paid
Is but repenance laviſhly in-layd,
The world, fame, honour, wealth, & pleaſure then
Are the fair wrack and *Gemonies* of men.
Ask but thy *Carnall heart* if thou ſhouldſt bee
Sole *Monarch* of the worlds great familie,
If with the *Macedonian Youth* there would
Not be a corner ſtill reſerv'd that could
Another earth contain? If ſo? What is
That poor inſatiate thing ſhe may call bliſs?

Queſtion the loaden *Gallantry* aſleep
What profit now their *Lawrels* in the deep
Of death's oblivion? What their *Triumph* was
More then the moment it did prance & paſs?
If then applauſe move by the vulgar crye,
Fame's but a glorious uncertainty.
Awake *Sejanus*, *Strafford*, *Buckingham*,
Charge the fond favourites of greateſt name,
What faith is in a *Prince*'s ſmile, what joy
In th'high & *Grand Concilio le Roy*?
Nay *Caeſar*'s ſelf, that march'd his *Honours* through
The bowels of all *Kingdoms*, made them bow
Low to the ſtirrop of his will and vote,
What ſafety to their Maſter's life they brought?
When in the *Senate* in his higheſt pride
By two ond thirty wounds he fell and dyed?
If *Height* be then moſt ſubjected to fate?
'*Honour*'s the day-ſpring of a greater hate.
Now aſk the *Grov'ling ſoul* that makes his gold
His *Idol*, his *Diana*, what a cold
Account of happineſs can here ariſe
From that ingluvious ſurfet of his eys?
How the whole man's inſlav'd to a lean dearth
Of all enjoyment for a little earth?
How like *Prometheus* he doth ſtill repair
His growing heart to feed the *Vultur* care.
Or like a Spider's envious deſignes (loines.
Drawing the threds of death from her own

Tor-

Tort'ring his entrails with thoughts of to
morrow, (ſorrow.
To keep that maſſe with grief, he gain'd with
If to the clincking paſtime in his eares
He add the *Orphans* cries and widdows tears,
The muſick's far from ſweet, and if you ſound
him, (him.
Truly, they leave him ſadder than they found
Now touch the *Dallying Gallant*, he that lyes
Angling for babies in his *Miſtris*'s eyes,
Thinks there's no heaven like a bale of dyce
Six Horſes and a Coach with a device,
A caſt of Lacquyes, and a Lady-bird,
An Oath in faſhion, and a guilded Sword,
Can ſmoak Tobacco with a face in frame,
And ſpeak perhaps a line of ſence to th'ſame,
Can ſleep a *Sabbaoth* over in his bed,
Or if his play book's there, will ſtoop to read,
Can kiſs its hand, and congey *a la mode*,
And when the night's approching, bolt abroad,
Unleſs his Honour's worſhip's rent's not come;
So he fals ſick, and ſwears the Carrier home.
Elſe if his rare devotion ſwell ſo high
To waſte an hour-glaſſe on divinity,
Tis but to make the church his ſtage, thereby
To blaze the Taylor in his rybaldry.
Aſk but the *Jay* when his diſtreſs ſhall fall
Like an arm'd man upon him, where are all
The roſe-buds of his youth? thoſe antick toyes
Wherein hee ſported out his pretious dayes?

What

What comfort he collects from Hawk or Hound?
Or if amongst his looser hours, he found
One of a thousand to redeem that time
Perish'd and lost for ever in his prime?
Or if he dream'd of an eternal bliss? (of this.
Hee'le swear *God damn him* he nere thought
But like the *Epicure* ador'd the day
That shin'd, rose up to eat, and drink & play.
Knows that his body was but dust, and dye
It once must, so have mercy, and God b'wy.
Thus having traverss'd the fond world in brief,
The lust of the eyes, the flesh, and pride of life,
Unbiass'd and impartially, we see
'Tis lighter in the scale than vanitie. (strive
What then remains? But that we still should
Not to be born to die, but die to live.

An old Man Courting a young Girle.

COme beauteous *Nymph*, canst thou embrace
An aged, wise, majestick grace
To mingle with thy youthfull flames,
And make thy glories stay'd? The Dames
Of looser gesture blush to see
Thy *Lillies* cloth'd with gravitie?
Thy happier choice? thy gentle *Vine*
With a sober *Elm* entwine?

Seal

Seal fair *Nymph* that lovely tye
Shall ſpeak thy honour loud and high.
Nym. Ceaſe *Grandſire Lover*, and forbear
To court me with thy *Sepulchre*,
Thy chill *December* and my *May*,
Thy *Evening* and my *Break of Day*
Can brook no mixture, no condition,
But ſtand in perfect oppoſition.
Nor can my active heart embrace
A ſhivering *Ague* in love's chaſe.
Only perhaps the lucky tye
May make thy forked fortune high.
Man. If fretted roofs, and beds of down,
And the wonder of the *Town*,
Bended knees, and coſtly fare,
Richeſt dainties without care,
May temptations motives bee
Here they all attend on thee,
And to raiſe thy bliſſe the more,
Swell thy Truncks with pretious Ore,
The glittering entrails of the Eaſt
To varniſh and perfume thy Neſt.
Nym. I queſtion not *Sage Sir* but ſhee
That weds your grave obliquitie,
Your Tizick, Rhewms, and Soldans face
Shall meet with *Fretted Roofs* apace,
I fancy not your bended knees
Leſt bowing you can ſprightly riſe,
Your gold too when you leave to woo
Will quickly become *Pretious* too.

And

And dainty Cates without delight,
May glut the day but ſtarve the night.
For when thou boaſts the Beds of bliſs,
The man, the man, ſtill wanting is.
Man. Nay gentle *Nymph* think not my fire
So quench'd, but that the ſtrong deſire
Of love can wake it, and create
New action to cooperate.
The ſparks of youth are not ſo gone,
But I ----ay marry that I can.
Come ſmack mee then my pretty dear,
Taſt what a lively change is here.
Why fly'ſt thou me? ------ ------
Nym. ---------- yce yce begone,
Claſp me not with thy *Frozen Zone.*
That pale aſpect would beſt become
The ſad complexion of a *Tombe.*
Think not thy *Church-yard* look ſhall move
My Spring to be thy Winter's *Stove.*
If at the *Reſurrection* we
Shall chance to marry, call on mee;
By that time I perhaps may gueſſe
How to bathe and how to dreſſe
Thy weeping leggs and ſympathize,
With periſh'd lungs and wopper eyes;
And think thy touchy paſſion wit,
Love diſdain and flatter it;
And 'midſt this coſtive puniſhment
Raiſe a politick content.

But whiles the *Solſtice* of my years
Glories in its higheſt ſphears,
Deem not, I will daign to be
The Vaſſal of infirmity,
The skreen of flegmatick old age,
Decay'd *Methuſalem* his page.
No! give me lively pleaſures, ſuch
Melt the fancy in the touch;
Raiſe the appetite, and more,
Satisfie it o're and o're.
Then from the aſhes of thoſe fires
Kindle freſh and new deſires.
So *Cyprus* be the *Scœne*: Above
Venus and the *God* of love,
Knitting true-love-knots in one
Merry happy Union.
Whiles their feather'd team appears
Doves and Sparrows in their gears,
Flutt'ring ore the jovial-frie,
Sporting in love's *Comedie*.

Man. Hold haſty ſoul, beauty's a flower
That may periſh in an hour,
No diſeaſe but can diſgrace
The trifling bloſſoms of a face,
And nip the heights of thoſe fond toyes,
That now are doted on with praiſe.
The noon-glory of the Sun
To the ſhades of night muſt come.
May, for all her guilded prime
Has its weak and withering time.

Not

Not a bud that ows its birth
From the teeming-mother earth
But excels the fading dreſs
Of a womans lovelineſs.
For when flowers vaniſh here
They may ſpring another year.
But frail beauty when 'tis gone
Finds no reſurrection.
Scorn me then, coy *Nymph*, no more,
Fly no higher, do not ſore,
Thoſe pretty rubies of thy lips
Once muſt know a pale *Eclipſe*.
And that plump alluring skin
Will be furrow'd deeply in.
And thoſe curled locks ſo bright
Time will all beſnow with white.
Not a glory, not a glance,
But muſt ſuffer change and chance.
Then, though now you'l not contract
With me in the marriage *Act*,
Yet perforce chuſe, chuſe you whether
You and I ſhall *Lye* together.

An Epitaph on his deceaſed Friend.

HEre lies the ruin'd *Cabinet*
Of a rich ſoul more highly ſet.
The droſſe and refuſe of a minde
Too glorious to be here confin'd.

Earth

Earth for a while beſpake his ſtay
Only to bait and ſo away:
So that what here he doted on
Was meerly accommodation.
Not that his active ſoul could bee
At home, but in eternitie.
Yet while he bleſt us with the rayes
Of his ſhort continued daies,
Each minute had its weight of worth,
Each pregnant hour ſome *Star* brought forth.
So whiles he travell'd here beneath
He liv'd, when others only breathe.
For not a ſand of time ſlip'd by
Without its action ſweet as high.
So good, ſo peaceable, ſo bleſt,
Angels alone can ſpeak the reſt.

Mount Ida, or, *Beauties Conteſt.*

THree regent *Goddeſſes* they fell at odds,
As they ſat cloſe in councel with the gods,
Whoſe beauty did excel? And thence they crave
A moderator of the ſtrife to have,
But leſt the partiall heavens could not decide
The grudg, they ſtoop to Mortals to be try'd.

Mantled in clouds then gently down they fall
Upon *Mount Ida* to appeaſe the brall,

Where *Priam*'s lovely Boy ſporting did keep
His Fathers lambs and ſnowy flocks of ſheep,
His lilly hand was ſoon ordain'd to bee
The harmleſs *Umpire* of the fond decree.

To him, to him, they gave the *Golden Ball*,
O happy goddeſs upon whom it fall!
But more unhappy *Shepherd*, was't not pitty
Thou didſt not ſend it at a cloſe *Committee*?
There, there thou hadſt ſurpaſs'd what did befall, (*All.*
Thou might'ſt have crowned *One*, yet pleaſed

Firſt then *Imperious Juno* did diſplay
Her coronet of glories to the Boy,
And rang'd her ſtars up in an arched ring
Of height and majeſty moſt flouriſhing,
Then wealth and honour at his foot did lay
To be eſteem'd the *Lady* of the day.

Next *Pallas* that brave *Heroina* came,
The thund'ring Queen of action, war & fame,
Dreſs'd in her glittering arms, wherewith ſhe (raiſe,
layes
Worlds waſt,& new ones from their duſt can
Theſe, theſe ſhe tenders him, advanc'd to bee,
With all the wreaths of wit and gallantrie.

Laſt *Venus* breaks forth of her golden raies,
With thouſand *Cupids* crown'd, ten thouſand
Boyes, Spark-

Sparkling through every quadrant of her eyes,
Which made her beauty in full glory riſe:
Then ſmiling vow'd ſo to ſublime his parts
To make him the great *Conquerour* of hearts.

Thus poor diſtracted *Paris* all on fire
Stood trembling deep in doubt what to deſire,
The ſweet temptations pleaded hard for all,
Each theatre of beauty ſeem'd to call
For the bright prize: but he amazed, hee (ſhee
Could not determine which, which, which was

At laſt the *Cyprian* Girle ſo ſtruck him blinde
In all the faculties of ſoul and minde,
That he poor captiv'd wretch without delay
Could not forbear his frailty to betray,
But maugre honour, wiſdom, all above,
He ran and kiſs'd & crown'd the *Queen* of *Love*.

Pallas and *Juno* then in high diſdain
Took ſnuff and poſted up to heaven again,
As to a high *Court* of appeal, to be
Reveng'd on men for this indignity.
'Hence then it happens that the *Ball* was loſt,
'Tis two to one but love is alwaies croſt.

Upon a Flye that flew into a Lady's eye, and there lay buried in a tear.

POor envious *Soul*! what couldſt thou ſee
In that bright *Orb* of puritie?
That active globe? That twinkling ſphear
Of beauty to be medling there?
Or didſt thou fooliſhly miſtake
The glowing morn in that day-break?
Or was't thy pride to mount ſo high
Only to kiſſe the *Sun* and dye?
Or didſt thou think to rival all
Don Phaethon and his great fall?
And in a richer Sea of brine
Drown *Icarus* again in thine?
'Twas bravely aim'd, and which is more
Th' haſt ſunk the fable ore and ore.
For in this ſingle death of thee
Th' haſt bankrupt all *Antiquitie*.
O had the fair *Ægyptian* Queen
Thy glorious monument once ſeen,
How had ſhe ſpared what time forbids
The needleſſe tott'ring *Pyramids*!
And in an emulative chaſe
Have begg'd thy ſhrine her Epitaph?
Where, when her aged marble muſt
Reſign her honour to the duſt,
Thou mightſt have canonized her
Deceaſed *Time*'s *Executor*?

To

To ripp up all the weſtern bed
Of ſpices where *Sol* layes his head,
To ſqueez the *Phœnix* and her Neſt
In one perfume that may write *Beſt*,
Then blend the gall'rie of the skies
With her *Seraglio* of eyes,
T' embalm a name, and raiſe a Tombe
The miracle of all to come,
Then, then, compare it: Here's a Gemm
A Pearl muſt ſhame and pity them.
An amber drop, diſtilled by
The ſparkling *Limbeck* of an eye,
Shall dazle all the ſhort eſſaies
Of rubbiſh worth, and ſhallow praiſe.
We ſtrive not then to prize that tear
Since we have nought to poiſe it here.
The world's too light. Hence, hence we cry
The world, the world's not worth a Fly.

Obſequies

To the memory of the truly Noble, right Valiant, and right Honourable, Spencer *Earl of* Northampton, *Slain at* Hopton *Field in* Staffordſhire, *in the beginning of this Civil War.*

WHat? The whole world in ſilence? Not a tear
In tune through all the ſpeechleſs *Hemiſphere*?

Has grief ſo ſeiz'd and ſear'd man-kinde in all
The convoyes of *Intelligence*? No fall
But thoſe of *Waters* heard? No Elegies (eyes?
But ſuch as whine through th'organs of our
Can *Pompey* fall again? And no Pen ſay
Here lies the *Romane Liberty* in clay?
Or can his bloud *Bow-die* th'Egyptian Sand,
And the black crime doe leſs than tann the
And make the *Region* inſtead of a verſe (land?
And tombe his ſable *Epitaph* and Herſe?
So here *Northampton* that brave *Heroe* fell
Tryumphant *Roman* thy pure paralell,
The bluſh and glory of his Age: Who dyed
In all points happy, but the *Weaker ſide.*
Only to forreign parts he did not roam,
The kinde *Egyptians* met him nearer home.
Both, and ſuch, Cauſes, that the world confeſs,
There's nought to plead againſt them but *Suc-*
Malignant Loyalty! a glorious fame (*ceſs.*
And ſin, for which God never found a name.
Which had it ſcaped the *Rubrick* of theſe times
Had ſtill continued among *Holy Crimes.*
A *Text* on which we find no gloſs at all
But in the *Alcoran* of Gold-ſmiths Hall!
Now (*Great Adolphus*) give me leave to ſtir
The aſhes of thy Urne, and Sepulcher;
And branch the flowers of the *Sweadiſh* glory
As rivall'd to the life in our ſad ſtory;
Yet not impair thy plumes, by adding more
To ſuit that ſplendor from a neighbour ſhore;

Nor

Nor deem thy honor leſs thus match'd to be,
If *Compton* dyed to graſping *Victorie*.
An active ſoul in gallant fury hurl'd
To club with all the Worthies of the world. (bee
Blinde, envious, piping *Fortune*! what could
The tottering ground of this thy treacherie?
To ſtop the ballance of that brave Carrear
Was both at once thy miracle and fear?
Was't not a pannick dread ſurpriz'd thy ſoul
Of being made ſervile to his high controul?
Bluſh and confeſs poor *Caitiff-goddeſs*! ſo
Wee'l quit his in thy reall over-throw.
And *Death*, thou worm! thou palè *Aſſaſſinate*!
Thou ſneaking hireling of revenge and hate,
Didſt not thou feel an *Earth-quake* in thy bones?
Such as rends Rocks and their foundations?
No *Tertian* ſhivering, but an *Ague* fit
Which with a burning Feaver ſhall commit
The world to aſhes? when thou ſtol'ſt creptſt under
That Helmet which durſt dare *Jove* and his thunder.
But ſince the bays he reacht at grew not
Like a wiſe ſouldier, and a *Cavalier*, here,
He left his covetous enemie at bay,
Rifling the carriage of his fleſh and clay:
While his rich ſoul purſued the greater game
Of *Honour* to the ſkies, there fix'd his name.

I ſhall not therefore vex the *Orbs* to trace
Thy ſacred foot-ſteps in that hallow'd place;
Nor ſtart a feigned Star, and ſwear it thine,
Then ſtretch the *Conſtellation* to thy line,
Like a *Welch Gentleman* that tacks his kin
To all *Coats* in the countrey he lives in.
Nor yet, to raiſe thy *Flaming Creſt*, ſhall I
Knock for the wandring *Planets* in the ſky
Perhaps ſome broken beauty of ſtale doubt,
To comment on her face has hir'd them out.
Let fame, & thy brave race thy *Statue* live,
The world can never ſuch another give.
Whiles each ſoul ſighes at the ſad thought of thee
There fell a *Province* of *Nobilitie*.
A fall, had *Zeal* but husbanded its throat, (*Vote*.
That ſunck the *Houſe of Lords*, and ſaved the
They only State mute *Titles* in their gears,
He ſingly repreſented all the *Peers*.
One, had the enemy imployd their *Smeck*,
Thoſe *Ring-worms of the Church*, to beg a neck
With *Claudius*, to metropolize all worth,
Rome, & what ere the *Suburbe*-world brought forth,
In him the ſword did glut its ravening eye,
The reſt that kick'd up were the ſmaller *Frye*.
Sparks only of that fire in him deceaſ'd,
Nyſles that crack'd and vaniſh'd north & weſt.
He lead the *Royal* war in ſuch a dye,
In that dire entranee of the *Tragedy*,

The

The ſenſe (*Great Charles*) no longer to prorogue,
None but thy ſelf could ſpeak the *Epilogue*.

The London Lady.

GEntly my *Muſe*! 'tis but a tender piece,
A paradox of Fumes and *Ambergreece*.
A cobweb-tinder at a touch takes fire,
The tumbling wherligig of blinde deſire.
Vulcan's *Pandora* in a cryſtal ſhrine,
Or th'old *Inn* faced with a new painted ſigne.
The ſpotted voyder of the *Term*: In ſhort,
Chymical nature phiſick'd into Art.
But hold rude *Satyr*, here's a *Hector* comes,
A *Cod-peice Captain* that with her ſhares ſums,
One claims a Joynture in her ſins, the foile
That puts her off, like the old man ere while
That with a dagger Cloak, and ho-boy gapes
And ſqueeks for company for the *Jack-an-Apes*.
This is the feirce *St. George*, foreruns the wagon,
And, if occaſion be, ſhall kill the *Dragon*.
Don Mars the great aſcendant on the road
When *Thomaſs*'s teem begins to jog abroad.
The hinter at each turn of *Covent Garden*,
The *Club pickearer*, the robuſt *Church-warden*
Of *Lincolne's Inn* back-corner, where he angles
For Cloaks and Hats, and the ſmall game entangles:

This is the *City Uſher* ſtraid to enter
The ſmall drink countrey Squires of the firſt venter,
And dubs them bach'lor-Knight of the black Jugg,
Mans them into an oath, & the French ſhrugge
Make's them fine graduates in ſmock-impudence,
And gelds them of their puny mothers ſence.
So that when two terms more, and forty pound
Reads them acquainted all *Gomorrha* round,
Down to their wondring friends at laſt they range,
With breeding juſt enough to ſpeak them ſtrange,
And drown a younger brother in a look,
Kick a poor Lacquey, and berogue the Cook,
Top a ſmall cry of Tenants that dare ſtir
In no phraſe now, but ſave your *Wo ſhip Sir.*
But to return: By this my Lady's up,
Has ſwom the Ocean of the Cawdle-Cup,
Converſ'd with every waſhing, every ground,
And Fucus in the Cabinet's to be found,
Has laid the fix'd complexion for the day,
Her breech rings high *Change* and ſhe muſt away. (ſhe glides,
Now down the Channel towards the *Strand*
Flinging her nimble glances on both ſides,
Like the death-darting *Cockatrice* (that ſlye
Cloſe *Enginere*) that murders through the eye.

The

The first that's tickled with her rumbling wheels
Is the old *Statesman*, that in slippers reels,
He wire-drawes up his jawes, and snufs and grins,
And sighing smacks, but for my aged shins,
My *Conclave* of diseases, I would boord
Your lofty Gally: Thus I serv'd my *Lord*----.
But mum for that, his strength will scarce sup-ply
His back to the Balcona, so God b'wy.
By this she has survey'd the golden *Globe*,
And finding no temptation to disrobe,
To *Durham New Old Stable* on she packs,
Where having winc'd and breath'd the what 'd yee lacks,
Rusled and bounced a turn or two in ire,
She mounts the Coach like *Phaethon* all on fire,
Fit for th'impressions of all sorts of evill,
And whirles up tow'rds the *Lawyers* and the *Devill*.
There *Ployden* in his laced Ruff starch'd on edg
Peeps like an Adder through a quick set hedg,
And brings his stale demur to stop the course
Of her proceedings with her yoak of horse;
Then fals to handling of the case, and so
Shews her the posture of her over-throw,
But yet for all his Law and double Fees
Shee'l bring him to joyn issue on his knees:
And make him pay for expedition too,
Thus the gray fox acts his green sins anew.

And

And well he ſcapes if all his *Norman* ſenſe
Can ſave the burning of his *Evidence*.
But out at laſt ſhee's hudled in the dark,
Man'd like a *Lady-Client* by the *Clerk*.
And ſo the nimble youngſter at the parting
Extorts a ſmack perhaps before the Carting.
Down *Fleet-ſtreet* next ſhe rowls with pow-
dred creſt, (neſt
To ſpring clip'd-half-crowns in the *Cuckow*'s
For now the Heroes of the yard have ſhut
Their ſhops, aud loll upon their bulks to put
The Ladies to the ſqueek, if ſo perhaps
Their miſtreſſes can ſpare them from their laps.
Not far ſhe waves and ſails before ſhe clings
With the young tribe for pendents, lace, and
rings;
But there poor totterd *Madam*, though too late,
She meets the topſie-turvey of her ſtate,
For the calm'd Boyes, having nought left to
Are forc'd to pawn her, & ſo run away. (pay,
On this the dreadfull *Drawer* ſoon appears,
Like her ill *Genius* about her ears,
VVith a long bill of *Items* that affright
VVorſe than a skull of Halberds in the night.
For now the Jay's compell'd to untruſs all
The tackling upon tick from every ſtall,
Each ſharing Broker of her borrow'd dreſs
Seems to do pennance in her nakedneſs.
For not a Lady of the noble game,
But is compos'd at leaſt of all Long-Lane:

An

An Animal *together blow'd and made,*
And up'd of all the ſhreds of every Trade.
Thus purely now her ſelf, homewards ſhe (packs,
Exciz'd in all the *Dialects* of her knacks:
Squeez'd to the utmoſt thred, and lateſt grain,
Like *Meteors* toſs'd to their firſt grit again.
A lane, a lane, ſhe comes, ſumm'd down to (nought,
But ſhame & a thin-under-petticoat.
But leſt I ſhould purſue her to the quick,
I paſs: The chaſe lies now too near the nick.
In pity *Satyr* then thy laſh let fall:
He knows her beſt that ſcans her not at all.
And though thou ſeem'ſt diſcourteous not to ſave her,
No matter, when thou leav'ſt there's one will have her.

The Times.

TO ſpeak in wet-ſhod eyes,& drowned looks,
Sad broken accents, and a vein that brooks
No ſpirit, life, or vigour, were to own
The cruſh and triumph of affliction;
And creeping with *Themiſtocles* to bee
The pale-fac'd penſioners of our enemie.
No, 'tis the glory of the ſoul to riſe
By falls, and at re-bound to pierce the ſkies.
Like a brave *Courſer* ſtanding on the ſand
Of ſome high-working *Fretum*, views a land
Smiling

Smiling with ſweets upon the diſtant ſide,
Garniſh'd in all her gay embroidred pride,
Larded with ſprings, and fring'd with curled woods,
Impatient, bounces in the capring flouds,
Big with a nobler fury than that ſtream
Of ſhallow violence he meets in them; (way
Thence arm'd with ſcorn & courage ploughs a
Through the impoſtum'd billows of the Sea;
And makes the grumbling Surges ſlaves to oar
And waft him ſafely to the further ſhoar:
Where landed, in a ſoveraign diſdain
He turns back, and ſurveys the foaming main,
Whiles the ſubjected waters flowing reel,
Ambitious yet to waſh the victor's heel.
In ſuch a noble equipage ſhould wee
Embrace th' encounter of our miſerie.
Not like a field of corn, that hangs the head
For every tempeſt, every petty dread.
Croſſes were the beſt *Chriſtians* arms: and wee
That hope a wiſhed *Canaan* once to ſee,
Muſt not expect a carpet-way alone
Without a red-ſea of affliction.
Then caſt the dice: Let's foord old *Rubicon*,
Ceſar 'tis thine, man is but once undone.
Tread ſoftly though, leſt *Scylla*'s ghoſt awake,
And us i' th' roll of his *Proſcriptions* take.
Rome is revived, and the *Triumvirate*
In the black *Iſland* are once more a State;
The City trembles: There's no third to ſhield,
If once *Auguſtus* to *Antonius* yield, Law

Law ſhall not ſhelter *Cicero*, the robe
The *Senate*: Proud ſucceſs admits no Probe
Of Juſtice to correct or quare the fate
That bears down all as illegitimate;
For whatſoere it liſts to overthrow,
It either finds it, or elſe makes it ſo.

Thus *Tyranny*'s a ſtately *Palace*, where
Ambition ſweats to climbe and nuſtle there;
But when 'tis enterd, what hopes then remain?
There is no ſalliport to come out again.
For miſchief muſt rowl on, and gliding grow,
Like little rivulets that gently flow (creaſe
From their firſt bubbling ſprings, but *ſtill* in-
And ſwell their channel as they mend their
Till in a glorious tide of villany (pace;
They over-run the banks, and poſting fly
Like th' bellowing waves in tumults, till they
Diſplay themſelves in a full Ocean. (can
And if blinde rage ſhall chance to miſs its way
Brings ſtock enough alone to make a Sea.

Thus treble treaſons are ſecur'd & drown'd
By lowder cries of deeper mouth and ſound.
And high attempts ſwallow a puny plot
As Canons over-whelm the ſmaller ſhot.
Whiles the deaf ſenſeleſs world inur'd a while
(Like the *Catadupi* at the fall of *Nile*)
To the fierce tumbling wonder, think it none
Thus cuſtome hallows irreligion!
And ſtroaks the patient beaſt till he admit
The now-grown-light and neceſſary Bit.

But

But whether do I ramble? Gauled times
Cannot endure a ſmart hand ore their crimes
Diſtracted age? What dialect or faſhion
Shall I aſſume? to paſſe the approbation
Of thy cenſorious *Synod*; which now ſit
High *Areopagites* to deſtroy all wit?
I cannot ſay, I ſay, that I am one
Of th' *Church* of *Ely-houſe*, or *Abington*,
Nor of thoſe pretious ſpirits that can deal
The pomegranates of grace at every meal.
No zealous *Hemp-dreſſer* yet dipp'd me in
The Laver of adoption from my ſin.
But yet if inſpiration, or a tale
Of a long-waſted ſix hours length prevail
A ſmooth certificate from the ſiſter-hood,
Or to be termed holy before good,
Religious malice, or a faith 'thout works
Other then may proclaim us *Jews* or *Turks*:
If theſe, theſe hint at any thing? Then, then
Whoop! my diſpairing *Hope* come back agen:
For ſince the inundation of grace,
All honeſty's under water, or in chaſe.
But 'tis the old worlds dotage, thereupon
We feed on dreams, imagination, (reign
Humours, and croſs-graind paſſions which now
In the decaying elements of the brain.
'Tis hard to coin new fancies, when there bee
So few that launch out in diſcovery.
Nay Arts are ſo far from being cheriſhed,
There's ſcarce a *Colledge* but has loſt its *Head*,

And

And almoſt all its *Members*: O ſad wound!
Where never an Artery could be judged ſound!
To what a hight is *Vice* now towred? When we
Dare not miſcall it an *Obliquitie*?
So confident, and carrying ſuch an aw,
That it ſubſcribes it ſelf no leſs than *Law*?
If this be reformation then? The great
Account purſued with ſo much bloud & ſweat?
In what black lines ſhall our ſad ſtory be
Deliver'd over to poſteritie?
With what a daſh and ſcar ſhall we be read?
How has Dame *Nature* in us ſuffered?
Who of all Centuries the firſt age are
That ſunk the World for want of due repair?
When firſt we iſſued out in cries and tears,
(Thoſe ſalt preſages of our future years)
Head-long we dropt into a quiet calm,
Times crown'd with roſie garlands, ſpice and balm;
Where firſt a glorious *Church* & mother came,
Embrac'd us in her arms, gave us a name
By which we live, and an indulgent breſt
Flowing with ſtream to an eternal reſt.
Thus raviſh'd, the poor *Soul* could not ghueſſe even,
Which was more kinde to her yet, earth, or heaven.
Or rather wrapped in a pious doubt
Of heaven, whether ſhe were in or out.
Next the *Great Father* of our *Country* brings
His bleſſing too, (even the *Beſt* of *Kings*)

Safe

Safe and well-grounded Laws to guard our peace,
And nurſe our virtues in their juſt increaſe;
Like a pure ſpring from whom all graces come,
Whoſe bounty made it double *Chriſtendome*.
Such and ſo ſweet were thoſe *Halcyon* Dayes
That roſe upon us in our Infant rayes;
Such a compoſed *State* we breathed under,
We onely heard of *Jove*, nere felt his thunder.
Terrours were then as ſtrange, as love now grown,
Wrong and revenge lived quietly at home.
The ſole contention that we underſtood
Was a rare ſtrife and war in doing good.
Now let's reflect upon our gratefulneſs,
How we have added, or (O!) made it leſs,
What are th' improvements? what our progreſſe, where (were?
Thoſe handſome acts that ſay that ſome men
He that to ancient wreaths can bring no more
From his own worth, dyes banq'rupt on the ſcore.
For Father's Creſts are crowned in the Son,
And glory ſpreads by propagation.
Now virtue ſhield me! where I ſhall begin?
To what a labyrinth am I now ſlipp'd in,
What ſhall we anſwer them? or what deny?
What prove? or rather whether ſhall we fly?
When the poor widdow'd *Church* ſhall ask us where
Are all her honours? and that filial care

We

We owed ſo ſweet a Parent as the Spouſe
Of *Chriſt*, which here vouchſafed to own a
Where are her *Boanerges*?& thoſe rare (houſe?
Brave ſons of conſolation? which did bear
The *Ark* before our *Iſreal*, and diſpence
The heavenly *Manna* with ſuch diligence?
In them the prim'tive Motto's come to paſſe,
Aut mortui ſunt, aut docent literas.
Bleſſ'd *Virgin* we can only ſay we have (grave.
Thy Prophets Tombes among us, and their
And here and there a man in colours paint
That by thy ruines grew a mighty *Saint*.
Next *Cæſar* ſome accounts are due to thee,
But thoſe in bloud already written be.
So lowd & laſting, in ſuch monſtrous ſhapes,
So wide the never to be cloſ'd wound gapes;
All ages yet to come with ſhivering ſhall
Recite the fearful preſ'dent of thy fall.
Hence we confute thy tenent *Solomon*.
Under the Sun a new thing hath been done,
A thing before all pattern, all pretence
Of rule or coppy: Such a ſtrange offence
Of ſuch original extract, that it bears
Date only from the *Eden* of our years.
Laconian Agis! we have read thy fate,
The violence of the *Spartan* love and hate.
How *Pagans* trembled at the thought of thee,
And fled the horror of thy tragedie;
Thyeſtes cruel feaſt, and how the Sun
Shrunk in his golden beams that ſight to ſhun.

The boſoms of all Kingdoms open lye,
Plain and emergent to th' inquiring eye.
But when we glance upon our native home,
As the black *Center* to whome all points come,
We reſt amazed, and ſilently admire
How far beyond all ſpleen ours did aſpire.
All that we dare aſſert is but a cry
Of an exchanged peace for *Liberty*.
A ſecret term by inſpiration known,
A miſt that brooks no demonſtration,
Unleſs we dive into our purſes, where
We quickly find *Our Freedom* purely dear.
But why exclaim you thus? may ſome men ſay,
Againſt the times? when equal night and day
Keep their juſt courſe? the ſeaſons ſtill the ſame?
As ſweet as when from the firſt hand they came?
The influence of the *Stars* benigne and free,
As at firſt *Peep up* in their infancie?
Tis not thoſe ſtanding motions that divide
The ſpace of years, nor the ſwift hours that glide
Thoſe little particles of age, that come
In thronging *Items* that make up the *Summ*,
That's here intended: But our crying crimes,
Our monſters that abominate the times.
Tis we that make the *Metonymie* good
By being bad, Which like a troubled floud
Nothing produce but ſlimy mire and dirt,
And impudence that makes ſhame malepert.

To

To travel further in theſe wounds that lye
Rankling, though ſeeming cloſed, were to deny (tears
Reſt to an ore-watch'd world, and force freſh
From ſtench'd eyes, new alarum'd by old fears.
Which if they thus ſhall heal & ſtop, they bee
The firſt that ere were cur'd by *Lethargie*.
This only *Axiom* from ill *Times* increaſe
I gather, *There's a time to hold ones peace.*

The Model of the new Religion.

WHoop! *Mr. Vickar* in your flying frock?
What news at *Babel* now? how ſtands the (*Cock*!
When wags the cloud? no *Ephimerides*?
Nought but confounding of the languages?
No more of th'Saints arrival? or the chance
Of three pipes two pence and an ordinance?
How many Queer-religions? clear your throat,
May a man have a peny-worth? four a groat?
Or doe the *Iuncto* leap at truſs-a-fayle?
Three Tenents clap while five hang on the tayle?
No *Querpo model*? never a knack or wile?
To preach for ſpoons & whiſtles? croſs or pile?
No hints of truth on foot? no ſparks of grace?
No late ſprung light? to dance the wild-gooſe chaſe?
No *Spiritual Dragoons* that take their flames
From th'inſpiration of the Citty Dames?

No crums of comfort to relieve our cry?
No new dealt mince-meat of divinity?
Come let's project: By the great late *E-*
We juſtly fear a famine of the lips. (*clipſe*
For ſprats are roſe an *Omer* for a ſowſe,
Which gripes the conclave of the lower Houſe.
Let's therefore vote a cloſe humiliation
For opening the ſeal'd eyes of this blind Nation,
That they may ſee confeſſingly and ſwear
They have not ſeen at all this fourteen year.
And for the ſplints and ſpavins too, tis ſaid
All the joints have the *Riffcage*, ſince the head
Swell'd ſo prodigious, and exciz'd the parts
From all allegiance, but in tears and hearts.
But zealous Sir, what ſay to a touch at prayer?
How *Quops* the ſpirit? In what garb or ayre?
With Souſe erect, or pendent, winks, or haws?
Sniveling? or the extention of the jaws?
Devotion has its mode: *Dear* Sir hold forth,
Learning's a venture of the ſecond worth.
For ſince the people's riſe and its ſad fall
We are inſpir'd from much to none at all.
Brother adieu! I ſee y'are cloſely girt,
A coſtive *Dover* gives the Saints the ſquirt.
Hence (Reader) all our flying news contracts
Like the State's Fleet from the Seas into acts
But where's the model all this while you'le ſay
'Tis like the *Reformation*, run away.

On

On Britannicus *his leap three ſtory high, and his eſcape from* London.

PAul from *Damaſcus* in a baſket ſlides
Cran'd by the faithfull *Brethren* down the ſides
Of their embattel'd walls: *Britannicus*
As loath to truſt the *Brethrens God with us*,
Slides too, but yet more deſp'rate, and yet thrives
In his deſcent; needs muſt! the Devil drives.
Their cauſe was both the ſame, & herein meet,
Only their fall was not with equal feet,
*W*hich makes the caſe *Iambick*: Thus we ſee
How much news falls ſhort of *Divinitie*.
Truth was their crying crime: One takes the night,
Th'other th' advantage of *the New ſprung Light*
To mantle his eſcape: How different be
The Priſtin and the *Modern Policie*?
Have *Ages* their *Antipodes*? Yet ſtill
Cloſe in the Propagation of ill?
Hence flowes this uſe and doctrine from the thump
I laſt ſuſtain'd (belov'd) *Good wits may Jump.*

Content.

FAir ſtranger! winged maid, where doſt thou reſt
Thy ſnowy locks at noon? Or on what breſt
Of ſpices ſlumber ore the ſullen night?
Or waking whether doſt thou take thy flight?
Shall I goe ſeek ſome melancholick grove?
The ſilent theatre of deſpair and love?
There court the *Bitterne* and the *Pelican*
Thoſe *Aiery Antipodes* to the tents of man?
Or ſitting by ſome pretty pratling ſpring
Hear hoarſe *Nyctimene* her dirges ſing?
Whiles the rough *Satyres* dance *Corantoes* too
The chattring Sembriefs of her *Woo hoo, hoo?*
Or ſhall I trace ſome ice-bound wilderneſſe
Among the caverns of abſtruſe receſs?
Where never prying Sun, nor bluſhing Day
Could ſteal a glimps, or interſqueeze a ray?
If not within this ſolitary Cell,
O whether muſt I poſt? VVhere doſt thou dwel?
Shall I let looſe the reins of blind deſire?
And ſurfet every ravening ſence? Give fire
To any train? And tyre voluptuouſneſſe
In all her ſoft varieties of exceſs?
And make each day a hiſtory of ſin?
Drink the *A la mort* Sun down and up agen?

Improve

Improve my crimes to ſuch a roaring ſcore,
That when I dye, where others goe before
In whining venial ſtreams, and quarto pages,
My flouds may riſe in folio, ſink all ages?
Or ſhall I bathe my ſelf in widdows tears?
And build my name in th' curſe of them and
theirs?
Ship-wrack whole nature to craw out a purſe
With th' molten cinders of the univerſe?
Belch nought but ruine? and the horrid cryes
Of fire and ſword? & ſwim in drowned eyes?
Make lanes to crowns & ſcepters through th'
heart's veins
Of Juſtice, Law, Right, Church and Sove-
(raigns?
No, no, I trace thee not in this dark way
Of death, this ſcarlet ſtreak'd *Aceldama*.
Shall I then to the houſe of mourning goe?
Where the *Salt-peeter Vuates* over-flow (brine?
With freſh ſupplies of grief? Freſh tides of
Or traverſe the wide world in every line?
Walk through the bowels of each realm and
Simpling for rules of policy to create (ſtate
Strange forms of government of new molds &
waſts
Like a French *Kickſhaw* of a thouſand taſts?
Or ſhall I dive into the ſecrecy
Of Nature? Where the moſt retir'd doth lye?
Or ſhall I waſte the taper of my ſoul
In ſcrutinies; where neither *Northern-pole*

Nor *Southern-conſtellation* darts a light
To conſtitute a latitude or height?
Or ſhall I float into the watry pale
Wan kingdom of the *Moon*? and there ſet ſail
For all the *Orbs*? and keep high holy-day
With th' *Nectar-tipling-Gods* in th' milky-way?
Swell *Bacchus* tripes with a tun of luſty Sack?
And lay the P*lump* S*quire* flat upon his back?
O no, theſe revels are too ſhort, too ſour,
Too ſad, hugg'd and repented in an hour.
Shall I then plough the ſeas to forreign ſoils?
And rake the pregnant *Indies* for hid ſpoils?
Or with the *Anchorite* abhor the eye
Of heaven, and baniſh all ſociety?
Live in, and out the world? and paſs my dayes
In treading out ſome ſtrange myſterious maze?
Taſt every humane ſweet? Lilly and Roſe?
With all the ſharp guard that about them grows?
Climb where deſpair would tremble to ſet foot
Spring new impoſſibles and force way to't?
Make the whole globe a ſhop of Chymiſtry
To melt down all her atomes, and deſcry
That ſmall *Iota*, that laſt pittied grain
Which the gull'd ſons of men purſue in vain?
Or ſhall I graſp thoſe meteors, fame, & praiſe?
Which breath by th' charity of the vulgar voice?
Pile honour upon honour till it crack
The *Atlas* of my pride, and break its back?

Hold

Hold fancy, hold! for whether wilt thou bear
My ſun-burnt hope to loſs? 'Tis, 'tis not here.
Soar then (*My Soul*) above the arched round
Of theſe poor ſpangled bliſſes: Here's no ground
To fix the ſacred foot of pure *Content*,
Her manſion's in a higher element.
Haſt thou perceiv'd the ſweetneſs of a groan?
Or tried the wings of contemplation?
Or haſt thou found the balm of tears that preſs
Like amber in the dregs of bitterneſs?
Or haſt thou felt that ſecret joy that flows
Againſt the tide of common over-throws?
Or haſt thou known the dawnings of a God
Upon thee, when his love is ſhed abroad?
Or haſt thou heard the ſacred harmony
Of a calm Conſcience echoing in thee
A *Requiem* from above? A ſealed peace
Beyond the power of hell, ſin, or deceaſe?
Or haſt thou taſted that communion
Between a reconciled God and Man?
That holy intercourſe? Thoſe pretious ſmiles
Diſſolv'd in holy whiſprings between whiles
Here, here's the ſteps lead to her bleſs'd abode;
Her chair of ſtate is in the throne of God.

May

May Day.

COme *Gallants*, why ſo dull? What muddy cloud
Dwells on the eye-brows of the day? Why ſhroud
Ye up your ſelves in the furl'd ſails of night,
And toſſing lye at *Hull*? Hark how delight
Knocks with her ſilver wings at every ſenſe?
And great *Apollo Lawreat* doth Commence?

Up! 'tis the golden *Jubilee* of the year, (*Sphear*
The *Stars* are all withdrawn from each glad
Within the tyring-rooms of heaven, unleſſe
Some few that peep to ſpy our happineſſe
Whiles *Phœbus* tugging up *Olympus* craw (*Paw.*
Smoaks his bright Teem along on the *Grand*

Heark how the ſongſters of the ſhady plain
Cloſe up their Anthems in a melting ſtrain!
See where the glittring Nymphs whirl it away
In *Checkling Caravans* as blyth as *May*;
And th' Chriſtal ſweating flowers droop their heads
In bluſhing ſhame to call you ſlug-a-beds.

Waſte but a glance upon *Hide-park*, and ſwear
All *Argus* eyes are fall'n, and fixed there.

The

The dapled lawns with Ladies ſhine and glow,
Whiles bubling mounts with ſprings of *Nectar* flow;
And each kinde Turtle ſits and bills his Dove
Like *Venus* and *Adonis* lapp'd in love.

Heark how *Amyntas* in melodious loud
Shrill raptures tunes his horn-pipe! whiles a crowd
Of ſnow-white milk-maids crownd with garlands gay
Trip it to the ſoft meaſure of his Lay.
And fields with curds and cream like green-cheeſe lye,
This now or never is the *Gallaxie*.

If the facetious *Gods* ere taken were
With mortal beauties and diſguis'd, 'tis here.
See how they mix ſocieties, and toſſe
The tumbling ball into a willing loſſe, (take
That th' twining *Ladies* on their necks might
The doubled kiſſes which they firſt did ſtake.

Thoſe pretty earneſts of a maiden-head,
Thoſe ſugred ſeals of love, types of the bed,
Which to confirm the ſweet conveiance more
They throng in thouſand times ten thouſand ſcore
Such heavenly ſurfets, as they ſporting lye,
Thus catch they from each others lip and eye.

The

The game at beſt, the girls *May-rould* muſt bee,
Where, *Croyden* and *Mopſa*, he and ſhee
Each happy pair make one *Hermaphrodite*,
And tumbling bounce together, black & white,
Where had you ſeen the chance, you had not known
Whoſe ſhew had lovelier bin *Madam*'s or *Joan*.

Then crown the bowl, let every conduit run
Canary, till we lodge the reeling Sun.
Tap every joy, let not a pearl be ſpilt,
Till we have ſet the ringing world a tilt.
And ſacrifice *Arabia Fœlix* in
One bone-fire, one incenſe-offering.

'Tis *Sack*, 'tis *Sack*, that drowns the thorny cares,
Which hedg the pillow, and abridge our years,
The quickning *Anima Mundi* that creates
Life in dejection, and out-dares the Fates,
Makes man look big on danger, and out-ſwell
The fury of that thrall that threatens Hell.

Chirp round my Boyes: let each ſoul take its ſip,
Who knows what falls between the cup & lip?
What can a voluntary pale-look bring
Or a deep ſigh to leſſen ſuffering?
Has miſchief any pity or regard?
The foyl of miſery is a breaſt prepar'd.

Hence

Hence then with folded arms, eclipſed eyes,
And low impriſon'd groans, meek cowardiſe.
Urge not with oars death that in full ſail comes
Nor walk in foreſtal'd blacks to the dark tombs
But rather thn th' eternal jaws ſhall gape,
Gallop with *Curtius* down the gallant hap.

Mean time here's that ſhall make our ſhackles light,
And charm the diſmal terrors walk by night,
'Tis this that chears the drooping ſoul, revives
The benum'd captive crampt in his cold gyves.
Kingdomes and Cottages, the *Mill* and *Throne*
Sack the *Grand Leveller* commands alone.

'Tis *Sack* that rocks the boyling brain to reſt,
Confirms the aged hams, and warms the breſt
Of gallantry to action, runs half-ſhare
And metal with the buff-fac'd Sons of war.
'Tis wit, 'tis art, 'tis ſtrength, 'tis all and more;
Then looſe the floud-gates *George*, wee'le pay or ſcore.

An Epig. to Doulus.

Doulus advanc'd upon a goodly Steed,
Came mounting ore the plain in very deed,
Whereat the people cring'd & bow'd the knee,
In honour of my *Lord*'s rich Livery.

Hence

Hence ſwell not *Doulus*, nor erect thy creſt,
'Twas for the *Goddeſs* ſake we capp'd the beaſt.

An Epig. on the people of England.

Sweating and chafing hot *Ardelio* cryes
A Boat a Boat, elſe farewell all the prize.
But having once ſet foot upon the deep
Hot-ſpur *Ardelio* fell faſt aſleep.
So we, on fire with zealous diſcontent,
Call'd out a *Parliament*, a *Parliament*;
Which being obtain'd at laſt, what did they do?
Even ſqueez the wool-packs, and lye ſnorting too.

Another.

Brittain a lovely Orchard ſeem'd to be
Furniſh'd with natures choiſe varietie,
Temptations golden fruit of every ſort,
Th'*Heſperian Garden* fann'd from fein'd report,
Great boyes and ſmall together in we brake,
No matter what diſdain'd *Priapus* ſpake,
Up, up, we lift the great Boyes in the trees,
Hoping a common ſhare to ſympathize:
But they no ſooner there neglected ſtreight
The ſhoulders that ſo rais'd them to this height;
And fell to ſtuffing of their own bags firſt,
And as their treaſure grew, ſo did their thirſt.

Whiles

Whiles we in lean expectance gaping ſtand
For one ſhake from their charitable hand.
But all in vain, the dropſie of deſire
So ſcortch'd them, three Realms could not quench the fire.
Be wiſe then in your Ale, bold youths: for fear
The *Gardner* catch us as *Moſs* caught his *Mare*.

A Sing-ſong on Clarinda's *Wedding*.

NOw that *Love*'s *Holiday* is come,
And *Madg* the *Maid* hath ſwept the room
And trimm'd her ſpit and pot,

Awake my merry *Muſe*, and ſing
The *Revells*, and that other thing
That muſt not be forgot.

As the gray morning dawn'd, 'tis ſed
Clarinda broke out of her bed
Like *Cynthia* in her pride:

Where all the Maiden *Lights* that were
Compriz'd within our *Hemiſphere*
Attended at her ſide.

But wot you then, with much ado
They dreſs'd the Bride from top to toe
And brought her from her chamber,

Deck'd

Deck'd in her robes and garments gay
More ſumptuous than the live-long-day
Or Stars enſhrin'd in Amber.

The ſparkling bullies of her eyes
Like two eclipſed Suns did riſe
Beneath her cryſtal brow,

To ſhew like thoſe ſtrange accidents
Some ſudden changeable events
Were like to hap below.

Her cheeks beſtreak'd with white and red,
Like pretty tell-tales of the bed
Preſag'd the bluſt'ring night

With his encircling arms and ſhade
Reſolv'd to ſwallow and invade
And skreen her virgin light.

Her lips, thoſe threds of ſcarlet dye,
Wherein Love's charms and quiver lye,
Legions of ſweets did crown;

Which ſmilingly did ſeem to ſay
O crop me, crop me, whiles you may,
Anon th' are not mine own.

Her breſts thoſe melting Alps of ſnow
On whoſe fair hills in open ſhow
The *God of Love* lay napping;

Like ſwelling Buts of lively Wine
Upon their ivory ſtells did ſhine
To wait the lucky tapping.

Her waſte that ſlender type of man
Was but a ſmall and ſingle ſpan,
Yet I dare ſafely ſwear

He that whole thouſands has in fee
Would forfeit all, ſo he might be
Lord of the Mannor there.

But now before I paſſe the line
Pray *Reader* give me leave to dine,
And pauſe here in the midle;

The *Bridegroom* and the *Parſon* knock,
With all the *Hymeneall* flock,
The *Plum-cake* and the *Fidle*.

VVhen as the Prieſt *Clarinda* ſees,
He ſtar'd as't had bin half his fees
To gaze upon her face:

And if the ſpirit did not move
His continence was far above
Each ſinner in the place.

With mickle ſtir he joyn'd their hands,
And hamp'red them in marriage bands
As faſt as faſt might bee,

Where ſtill me thinks, me thinks I hear
That ſecret ſigh in every eare,
Once loue remember mee!

Which done the Cook he knock'd amain
And up the diſhes in a train
Come ſmoaking two and two;

With that they wip'd their mouths and ſate,
Some fell to quaffing, ſome to prate,
Ay marry and welcome too

In pay'rs they thus impal'd the meat
Roger and *Marget*, and *Thomas* and *Kate*,
Raſe and *Beſs*, *Andrew* and *Maudlin*

And *Valentine* eke with *Sybill* ſo ſweet, (meet
Whoſe cheeks on each ſide of her ſnuffers did
As round and as plump as a codling,

When

When at the laſt they had fetched their freez,
And mired their ſtomacks quite up to the knees
In claret for and good chear;

Then, then began the merry din,
For as it was thought they were all'on the pin,
O what kiſſing and clipping was there!

But as luck would have it the *Parſon* ſaid grace,
And to friſking & dancing they ſhuffled apace,
Each Lad took his Laſs by the fiſt,

And when he had ſqueez'd her, and gaum'd her untill
The fat of her face ran down like a mill,
He toll'd for the reſt of the griſt.

In ſweat and in duſt having waſted the day
They enter'd upon the laſt act of the play,
The Bride to her bed was convey'd,

Where knee-deep each hand fell downe to the ground (found
And in ſeeking the Garter much pleaſure was
'Twould have made a man's arm have ſtray'd

This clutter ore *Clarinda* lay
Half bedded, like the peeping day
Behind *Olimpus* cap;

VVhiles at her head each twittring Girle
The fatal ſtocking quick did whirle
To know the lucky hap.

The Bridegroom in at laſt did ruſtle,
All *diſap-pointed* in the buſtle,
The Maidens had ſhav'd his breeches;

But let him not complain, 'tis well
In ſuch a ſtorm, I can you tell
He ſav'd his other ſtitches.

And now he bounc'd into the bed,
Even juſt as if a man had ſed
Fair Lady have at all;

VVhere twiſted at the hug they lay,
Like *Venus* and the ſprightly Boy,
O who would fear the fall?

Thus both with love's ſweet tapers fired,
And thouſand balmy kiſſes tyred,
They could not wait the reſt,

But out the folk and candles fled,
And to't they went; but what they did
There lies the cream o' th' jeſt.

The

The Myrtle-Grove.

JUſt as the reeling Sun came ſliding down
Among the *Moors*, and *Tethys* in a Gown
Of ſea-green watchet ſettled to embrace
Her great *Apollo* from his circled race,
And the ſtreak'd heavens did themſelves digeſt
Into a larger *Iris*, to inveſt
And canopie th' illuſtrious lovely pair
In a *Diaphanous* Robe of coſtly ayre:
Clarinda roſe amidſt the *Myrtle-Grove*,
Like the *Queen-mother* of the ſtars above.
But that *Clarinda*'s was no borrow'd *Light*,
Nor could it, where ſhe was bedeem'd a night.
Such was the natural glories ſhe put on,
They ow'd no being to reflection.
Whiles the inſpir'd *Muſicians* of the wood,
Raviſh'd at the new day, powr'd out a floud
Of quavering melody in honied ſtrains
To court the glittering Deity of the plains.
Thoſe pretty flow'ry beds of ſweets that now
Had clos'd their heads up in an amber dew
Of tears, to mourn the drowſie Sun's good night,
Warm'd with a nobler ardor ſprung up-right,
And threw the mantles of dull ſleep aſide
In a diſplaid and meritorious pride,

To ſtrew with rich perfumes her balmy way,
Which grew more fragrant by her active ray.
Thus ſweetly woo'd *Clarinda* laid her down
On a curl'd quilt of roſes, fondly grown
Proud of their own oppreſſion, whiles they
Kiſs the dear burden which upon them lay (may
Then ſkreen'd with harmony, ſhe ſtretch'd a-
long
Upon her *Damask Couch*, where a bright throng
Of *Graces* hover'd ore the firmament
Of her pure orbs drawn to a full extent.
Whiles a ſoft gale of wanton wind that blew
Did ſport her willing glories into view.
But I poor dazled I, not daring here
T'attempt the ſplendor of each naked ſphear,
Stood peeping through the *Opticks* of the ſhade,
Which to my ſight a kind reflection made.
Her eyes half ſhut up in their chriſtal caſe
Stood twinckling *Centinels* upon her face;
Or elſe to take the proſpect of thoſe fields
Of beauty which that flowing *Tempe* yields.
Her coral lips ten thouſand ſmiles enthron'd,
Like cluſtred grapes which for a vintage
groan'd.
The Ivory palace of her ſtately neck
Cloth'd with majeſtick aw, did ſeem to check
The looſer paſtime of her gameſome hair,
Which in wilde rings ran trick about the ayre.
Her amorous breſts ſwell'd to a lovely riſe
Of dripping plenty a twinn'd *Paradiſe*

Of

Of milk and honey, exhal'd my roving eye
Into a ſoul-enſnaring extaſie.
And had I not recoil'd without delay
I there had wandred in the milky way.
Her belly like the *Ace of Clubs*, ſo white,
So black, the ſtruting pillow of delight,
So fired the catching tinder of my ſenſe,
That I no longer *Student* could commence,
But ſtreight weigh'd anchor & tack'd up the ſail
To the main-yard, waiting a ſtiffer gale
To paſs me through thoſe tickliſh ſtreights of (*Man*
Into the full *Mediterranean*.
At laſt I plung'd into th' *Elyſian* charms,
Faſt claſp'd by th'arched *Zodiack* of her arms
Thoſe cloſer clings of love, where I partaked
Strong hopes of bliſs; but ſo, O ſo I waked!

To my honoured friend Mr. T. C. *that ask'd me how I liked his Miſtris being an old widdow.*

BUt prethee firſt how long haſt bin
Loſt in this ſad eſtate of ſin?
That the milde Gout, or Pox, or worſe
Serves not to expiate thy curſe?
Some Peſtilence elſe may be thought upon,
And not ſuch abſolute damnation.
Are rocks and halters grown ſo dear
That ther's no periſhing but here?
Doe no *Committee* yet ſurvive
Thoſe cheaper *Gregories* of men alive?

If thou wilt needs to Sea, O muſt it bee
In an old *Galliaſſe* of ſixty three ?
A ſnail-crawl'd botom ? A gray Bark
That ſtood at Font for *Noah*'s *Ark* ?
Whoſe wrinkled Poop in figures furl'd
Deſcribes her travels round the world ?
A *Nut* wch when th' haſt crack'd & fumbled ore
Thou'lt finde the *Squiril* has bin there before ?
Then raiſe the Siedge from falling on.
That old diſmantled garriſon.
Raſh Lover ſpeak what pleaſure hath
Thy *Spring* in ſuch an *Aftermath* ?
Who, were ſhe to the beſt advantage ſpread,
Is but the dull husk of a maiden-head.
How canſt thou then delight the ſenſe
In beautie's preterperfectenſe ?
And dote upon that free-ſtone face
Which wears but the records of grace ?
Whoſe antick *Monaſt'ry* brags but a Cheſt
Of venerable *Reliques* at the beſt ?
O can there ſuch a famine bee
Of piping-hot virginitie,
That thou art forc'd to ſlur and cheat
Thy ſtomach with the broken meat ?
Why he that wooes a *Widdow* does no more
Then court that *Quagmire* where one ſunk be-
Fie, prize not then thoſe *Arras-Looks* (fore.
Sullied and thumb'd like *Town-hall Books* !
I like thy fancy well to have
Its miſery ſo near its Grave.

And

And tis a general ſhrift that moſt men uſe,
But yet tis tedious waiting dead men ſhoes.
If 'twere thy plot I do confeſs
For to make *Mummee* of her greaſe,
Or ſwop her to the Paper Mill,
This were extracting good from ill.
But if thou wed'ſt on any worſe condition,
Thou'lt prove *Delinquent* for thy *Superſtition*.
But prethee hold, let me adviſe,
Perhaps ſhee's rich and ſeems a prize,
New chalk'd, new rigg'd, a ſtately Friggot,
But yet ſhe's tapp'd at lower ſpiggot.
Yet if no med'cine for thy grief be fonnd,
There's ſmal ods *Tom* 'twixt being hang'd or drown'd.

The Engagement Stated.

BEgon *Expoſitor*: The *Text* is plain
No *Church*, no *Lord*, no *Law*, no *Soveraign*.
Away with mental reſervations, and
Senſes of Oaths in files out-vy the *Strand*.
Here's hell truſſ'd in a thimble, in a breath,
Dares face the hazard of the ſecond death.
The Saints are grown *Laconians*, and can twiſt
Perjury up in pills like *Leyden* griſt,
But hold precize *Doponents*: Though the heat
Of *Zeal* in *Cataracts* digeſts ſuch meat,

My

My cold concoction ſhrinks, and my advance
Drives ſlowly to approach your *Ordinance.*
The ſigne's in *Cancer*, and the *Zodiack* turns
Leonick, rowl'd in curls while *Terra* burns.
What though your fancies are ſublim'd to reach
Thoſe fatal reins? Succeſs and will can teach
But raſh divinity. A ſad renown
Where one man fell to ſee a million drown.
When neither Arts nor Arms can ſerve to fight
And wreſt a *Title* from its law and right,
Muſt malice piece the *Trangum?* & make clear
The ſcruple? Elſe we will reſolve to ſwear?
Nay out-ſwear all that we have ſworn before
And make good leſſer crimes by acting more
And more ſublime? This, this extends the Line
And ſhames the puny ſoul of *Cataline.*
On this account all thoſe whoſe fortune's croſt,
And want eſtates, may turn *Knights* of the *Poſt.*
Vaulx we out-vy'd thee, ſince thy plot fel lame,
We found a cloſer *Celler* for the ſame,
Piling the fatall Powder in our mouths,
Which in an Oath diſcharg'd blew up the *Houſe.*
Maugre *Mounteagle*, aſps not throughly ſlain
Their poiſon in an age may live again.

Good

Good *Demas* cuff your Bear, then let us ſee
The miſtery of your iniquitie.
May a man courſe a cur? And freely box
The Queſtion? Or the formal paradox?
But as in Phyſick, ſo in this device
This querk of policy the point is nice.
For he that in this model means to thrive,
Muſt firſt ſubſcribe to the preparative;
Like Witches compact counter-march his faith,
And ſoak up all what ere the *Spirit* ſaith;
Then ſeal and ſign. *Scylla* threw three bars ſhort,
He had a ſword indeed, but no *Text* for't.
Old *Rome* lament thy infancy in ſin,
We perfect what thou trembled'ſt to begin,
Bluſh then to ſee thy ſelf out-done. But all
The world may grieve 'tis epidemical.
Heaven frownes indeed. But what makes hell enraged?
Sweet *Pluto* be at peace, we have Engaged.

Prælegenda to the ſucceeding Poem, viz. *The Wife-hater:*

I.

Why Women were made.

WOman in the beginning (as 'tis ſaid)
To be an help to man was chiefly made;
Then

Then ought not women much to be commended,
Who anſwer th' end for which they were intended?
Women were made to help men, ſo they do,
Some unto ſorrow, grief, diſeaſes too;
Others do their kind husbands help to ſpend
Their whole eſtates, thus anſwer they their end.
Some help men unto more then they were born
To have (I mean) *Actæons* head and horn.

2.

Of what Woman was made.

Crooked-condition'd Nature made her, when
She form'd her of the crookedſt parts in men:
Nature firſt fram'd her of a mans rib, ſhe
Then can't chuſe but a croſs-grain'd creature be,
And ever ſince (it may not be deni'd)
Poor man hath ſubject been t' a ſtitch i' th' ſide.
Yet ſome there are who in a gratefull mind,
Would ſoundly rib their husbands, could they find
A good tough Cudgel, and make this their anſwer,
They but reſtore what *Eve* ſtole from their Granſire:
And 'tis a reaſon too (as't hath been tri'd)
A bad wife ſits ſo cloſe to her husbands ſide.

What

3.

What they committed ſo ſoon as they were made.

No ſooner made, but ſhe runs into all
Miſchief her ſelf, then cauſeth man to fall:
And now that judgement on their ſex is doubled,
They'r with a two-fold falling-ſickneſſe troubled.

4.

To what they are now likened.

Women in love and luſt compared be
Unto a pumice-ſtone, for that we ſee
Is full of holes; ſo they, when once in love,
Moſt hollow-hearted to their ſervants prove;
In love they like it are, 'cauſe they diſſemble,
But when they luſt moſt, they it moſt reſemble;
Play with a luſtfull girle, and you ſhall ſee,
How like unto the pumice-ſtone ſhee'l be,
Which way ſoe'r you do her troul,
You'll find againſt you ſtill an open hole.

VITUPERIUM UXORIS:

or.

THE WIFE-HATER.

1.

HE that intends to take a wife,
I'll tell him what a kind of life
He muſt be ſure to lead;
If ſhee's a young and tender heart,
Not documented in Loves art,
Much teaching ſhe will need.

2.

For where there is no path, one may
Be tir'd before he find the way,
Nay, when he's at his treaſure;
The gap perhaps will prove ſo ſtraight,
That he for entrance long may wait,
And make a toile of's pleaſure.

3.

Or if one old, and paſt her doing,
He will the Chamber-maid be wooing,
To buy her ware the cheaper;
But if he chuſe one more for moſe,
Ripe for't, ſhe'll prove [illegible]minous,
Argus himſelf ſha'nt keep her.

4. For

4.

For when thoſe things are neatly dreſt,
They'll entertaine each wanton gueſt,
Nor for your honour care,
If any give their pride a fall,
Th'have learn'd a trick to beare withall,
So you their charges bear.

5.

Or if you chance to play your game
With a dull, fat, groſſe, heavy Dame,
Your riches to encreaſe,
Alaſſe! ſhe will but jear you for't,
Bid you to find out better ſport,
Lie with a pot of greaſe.

6.

If meager------be thy delight,
She'll conquer in venereall fight,
And waſt thee to the bones.
Such kind of girles like to your Mill.
The more you give, more crave they will,
Or elſe they'l grind the ſtones.

7.

If black,'tis ods ſhe's div'liſh proud,
If ſhort, Zantippe like, too loud,
If long, ſhe'll lazie be,
Fooliſh (the Proverb ſaies) if faire,
If wiſe and comelie, danger's there,
Leſt ſhe doe Cuckold thee.

8.

If ſhe bring ſtore of money, ſuch
Are like to domineer too much,
Prove Mrs, no good wife,
And when they cannot keep you under,
They'll fill the houſe with ſcolding thunder,
What worſe then ſuch a life?

9.

But if her Dowry onely be
Beauty, farewell felicitie,
Thy fortunes caſt away.
Thou muſt be ſure to ſatisfie her
In bellie, and in back-deſire,
To labour night and day.

10.

And rather then her pride give o're,
She'll turn perhaps an honour'd whore,
And thou'lt *Acteon*'d be,
Whileſt like *Acteon* thou maiſt weep,
To think thou forced art to keep,
Such as devour thee.

11.

If being Noble thou doſt wed
A ſervile creature, baſely bred,
Thy family it defaces;
If being mean, one nobly born,
She'll ſwear t'exalt a Courtlike horn,
Thy low deſcent it graces.

If

8.

If one tougue be too much for any,
Then he who takes a wife with many,
Knowes not what may betide him;
She whom he did for learning honour,
To ſcold by book will take upon her,
Rhetorically chide him.

9.

If both her parents living are,
To pleaſe them you muſt take great care,
Or ſpoil your future fortune,
But if departed th' are this life,
You muſt be parent to your wife,
And father all, be certaine.

10.

If bravely dreſt, fair fac'd and witty,
She'll oft be gadding to the Cittie,
Nor can you ſay her nay.
She'll tell you(if you her denie)
Since women have Terms ſhe knows not why
But they ſtill keep them may,

11.

If you make choice of Country ware,
Of being Cuckold, there's leſſe feare,
But ſtupid honeſtie
May teach her how to ſleep all night,
And take a great deal more delight,
To milk the Cowes then thee.

16

Concoction makes their blood agree
Too near, where's conſanguinitie;
Then let no kin be choſen.
He loſeth once part of his treaſure,
Who thus confineth all his pleaſure,
To th'arms of a firſt Cozen.

17.

He'll never have her at command,
Who takes a wife at ſecond hand,
Then chuſe no widdowed mother:
The firſt cut, of that bit you love,
If others had, why main't you prove
But taſter to another?

18.

Beſides, if ſhee bring children many,
'Tis like by thee ſhee'll not have any,
But prove a barren Doe;
Or if by them, ſhee ne'r had one,
By thee 'tis likely ſhee'll have none.
Whilſt thou for weak-back goe.

19 (ſowing

For there where other gard'ners have been
Their ſeed, but ne'r could find it growing,
You muſt expect ſo too;
And where the *Terra incognita*
'S e'r plow'd, you muſt it fallow lay,
And ſtill for weak-back go.

20. Then

20,

Then truſt not to a maiden face,
Nor confidence in widdowes place,
Thoſe weaker veſſels may
Spring-leak, or ſplit againſt a rock,
And when your fames wrapt in a ſmock,
'Tis eaſilie caſt a way.

21.

Yet be ſhe faire, foule, ſhort, or tall,
You for a time may love them all,
Call them your ſoul, your life,
And one by one them undermine,
As Courtizan, or Concubine,
But never as married wife.

He who conſiders this, may end the ſtrife,
Confeſſe no trouble like unto a Wife.

AN ELEGIE.

On

Mr. Iohn Cleveland.

PRime Wits are prun'd the firſt: this may appear
By that high-valued Piece interred here;
Whoſe Laureat-Genius rapt with Sacred ſkill
Prov'd his Extraction from *Parnaſſus* Hill;
Whoſe Fame, like *Pallas* Flame, ſhone in each Clime,
Crowning his Fancy royally divine.
Rich in Elyxar'd meaſures, and in all
That could breath Senſe in Ayrs Emphaticall.
Pure Love his Native Influence; a Lot
Given Him from Heav'n; No People ſave the *Scot*
But did affect him:---Theſe had lov'd Him too,
Had he School'd *Baſeneſs* with a ſmoother brow;
But his refined temper Scorn'd t' ingage
His *Pen* to Time, or humour any Age.
Compleat in all that might true Honour gain
Onely an Enemy to *Withers* Straine:
Holding it ſtill the Prodigy of Time
To Canonize a Poet for a Ryme.
Free in Fruition of himſelf: Content,
In what diſ-reliſh'd Servile Sp'rits, *Reſtraint.*
Now ſome will ſay, His *Volume* was too ſmall,
To reare an *Hermian* Arch or Eſcurall

To

To his dilated Fame:---- O do not put
Theſe frivolous Objections! *Homers* Nut
Inclos'd a *living Iliad.* Tis not much
Perpetuates our Memory, but ſuch
As can act wonders: and apply a Cure
To States ſurprized with a Calenture:
And with their Quill, beyond all Chymick Art
Purge the Corruptions of a State-ſick Heart
By *rare* P*hlebotomy*:---- This Art was His,
Which made his Name ſo precious as it is.
Such was the Practice of a *Golden Time*
To ſpare the Perſon, *but to taxe the* Crime.
Age is not ſumm'd by *years* but *hours*; as *Times*,
So *Works* are ballanc'd not by *Leafe:* but *Lines.*
Clitus affirm'd, and bound it with an Oath
That C*elſus* Poems were mere food for th'Moth
And for thoſe *Manuſcripts* which *Mevius* writ,
They might be ſtyl'd the Surquedry of Wit.
Look home; & weigh the *Fancies* of theſe days
And you'l conclude, they merit equall praiſe.
A Title or a Frontiſpiece in Plate
Drawn from a Perſon of deſertleſſe State
Lures Legions of admirers.--- Wits muſt want
That hold a diſtance with the Sycophant.
Timiſts be onely Thrivers: But a brain
That's freely generous ſcorns ſervile gain.
Such was this pure P*arnaſſian* whoſe clear nature
To gain a World could never brook to *flatter.*
Poize this *Imparallel*; and you will find
A Mine of treaſures in a matchleſſe mind.

cc No more! the Name of Cleaveland ſpeaks to
cc A living Annal, dying Elegie. (me

Upon the pitifull Elegy writ Lately on him; modeſtly taxed and freely Vindicated by the candid cenſure of an indeared Brother.

SInce thy remove from Earth, there came to me,
A Funerall Elegy addreſt to thee:
Elegiacks made gracious by thy Name,
But too ſhort-lung'd *to parallel thy Fame.*
Laurell *and* Bays *were the Subjects of his Pen*
Whoſe muddy Muſe deſerved none of them.
A ſublimated Style bereft of Senſe,
Is like a brain-ſtrapt Juſtice *on a Bench,*
Whoſe tones are Thunder, Fury and Command,
But in a Dialect *none underſtand.*
Thy Native Fancy was no Lucian *Dream,*
Deriv'd from th' Cryſtall Rills of Hypocrene:
Thy free-born Genius *did it ſelf expreſſe*
In Phidias *Colours without foraigne dreſſe.*
Much like the Damask Roſe, *but newly blown,*
And bluſheth in no Tincture but her own.
Such was thy Poeſie; *which th'* Albion State
May envy or admire, ſcarce imitate.
In pureſt Odes Bards *ſhould thy loſſe bemone,*
And in ſurviving meaſures, or in none.

For

For theſe who want Art to imbelliſh worth,
Wrong Them whom they endeavour to ſet forth

" "Sic perit ingeninm, Genii ni pignora vitam
"Perpetuam ſtatuant,& Monumenta ſtruant.
" Aurea ſic docilem coluerunt Secula vatem,
" "Ordine P*ieridum* commemorando parem.

Auſon.

THE

CHARACTER Of a London-Diurnall.

A *Diurnall* is a punie *Chronicle*, ſcarce pin-feather'd with the wings of *time*. It is an Hiſtory in *ſippets*, the Engliſh *Iliads* in a nut-ſhel; the *Apocryphal Parliaments* book of *Maccabees* in ſingle ſheets; It would tire a *Welch Pedigree*, to reckon up how many *aps* 'tis removed from an *Annall*: For it is of that *Extract*; only of the younger *houſe*, like a *Shrimp* to a *Lobſter*. The *Original ſinner* in this kind was Dutch *Gallobelgicus* the *Protoplaſt*; and the *modern Mercuries* but *Hans-en-Kelders*. The Counteſſe of *Zealand* was brought to bed of an *Almanack*, as many children as dayes in the year. It may be the *Legiſlative Lady* is of that lineage; ſo ſhe ſpawns the *Diurnals*, and they at *Weſtminſter* take them in by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*, *Britannicus*. In the Frontiſpiece of the old *Beldame Diurnal*, like the *Contents* of the *Chapter*, ſitteth the *Houſe of Commons*, Judging the twelve tribes of *Iſrael*. You may call them the *Kingdomes Anatomy* before the *Weekly Kalendar*: For ſuch is a *Diurnall*, the day of the *moneth*, with what weather in the *Commen-wealth*. It is taken

taken for the pulſe of the *Body Politick*, and the *Emporick Divines of the Aſſembly*, thoſe *ſpirituall Dragooners*, thumb it accordingly. Indeed it is a pretty *Synopſis*: and thoſe grave *Rabbies*, (though in point of *Divinity*) trade in no larger Authors. The *Countrey-Carrier*, when he buys it for the *Vicar*, miſcalls it the *Urinal:* yet properly enough, for it caſts the water of the *State*, ever ſince it ſtaled bloud. It differs from an *Aulicus*, as the Devil and his *Exorciſt*; or as a *black Witch* doth from a *white* one, whoſe office is to unravel her *inchantments*.

It begins uſually with an *Ordinance*, which is a *Law ſtill-born*, dropt before quickned by the *Royall aſſent*: 'Tis one of the *Parliaments by-blows* (Acts being legitimate) and hath no more *Syre* than a *Spaniſh Ginnet*, that is begotten by the winde.

Thus their *Militia* (like its patron *Mars*) is the iſſue only of the *Mother*, without the concourſe of *Royal Jupiter*. Yet *Law* it is if they vote it, though in defiance of their *Fundamentals*; like the old *Sexton*, who ſwore his *Clock* went true, whatever the *Sun* ſay to the contrary

The next *Ingredients* of a *Diurnal* is *plots, horrible plots*, which with wonderfull ſagacity it hunts dry-foot, while they are yet in their *cauſes*, before *Materia prima* can put on her ſmock. How many ſuch fits of the *Mother* have troubled the *Kingdomes*, and (for all Sir *Wal-*

ter

ter Earl looks like a Man-Midwife) not yet delivered of ſo much as a *cuſhion*. But *Actors* muſt have their *Properties*; and ſince the *Stages* were *voted* down, the only *Play-houſe* is at *Weſtminſter*.

Suitable to their *plots* are their *Informers*, *Skippers*, and *Taylors*, *Spaniels* both for the *land* and *water*: *Good conſcionable intelligence*! For however *Pim*'s bill may inflame the *reckoning*, the *honeſt vermin* have not ſo much for *lying* as the *publick Faith*.

Thus a *zealous Barber* in *More-fields*, while he was contriving ſome *Quirpo-cut* of *Church-Government*, by the help of his *out-lying eares*, and the *Otaconſticon* of the *Spirit*, diſcovered ſuch a *Plot*, that *Selden* intends to combate *Antiquity*, and maintain it was a *Taylors Gooſe* that preſerved the *Capitoll*.

I wonder my *Lord* of *Canterbury* is not once more all-to-be-traytor'd for dealing with the *Lyons*, to ſettle the *Commiſſion of Array* in the *Tower*. It would do well to cramp the *Articles Dormant*, beſides the opportunity of reforming thoſe *Beaſts of the Prerogative*, and changing their *profaner names* of *Harry* and *Charles* into *Nehemiah* and *Fleazar*.

Suppoſe a *Corn-cutter*, being to give little *Iſaac a caſt of his office*, ſhould fall to paring his *Brows*, miſtaking the one end for the other, becauſe he branches at both. This would be a *plot*, and the next *Diurnall* would furniſh you with this ſcale of *Notes*. *Re-*

Reſolved upon the Queſtion, that this act of the *Corn-cutter* was an abſolute invaſion of the *Cities Charter*, in the *repreſentative fore-head of Iſaac*.

Reſolved, that the *evil Counſellours* about the *Corn-cutter* are popiſhly affected, and enemies to the *State*.

Reſolved, that there be a *publick Thanksgiving* for the great deliverance of *Iſaacs Brow-antlers*: and a ſolemn *Covenant* drawn up, to defie the *Corn-cutter* and all his works.

Thus the *Quixots* of this age, fight with the *Windmills* of their own heads, quell *Monſters* of their own creation, make *plots* and then diſcover them: as who fitter to unkennel the *Fox*, than the *Tarrier* that is a part of him?

In the third place march their *Adventurers*: the *Round-heads Legend*, the *Rebells Romance* ſtories of a larger ſize than the ears of their *Sect*, able to ſtrangle the belief of a *Soli-fidian*.

I'le preſent them in their order: and firſt as a *Whiffler* before the ſhow, enter *Stamford*, one that trod the ſtage with the firſt, traverſt his ground, made a legg and *Exit*. The *Countrey people* took him for one, that by *Order* of the *Houſes*, was to dance a *Morrice* through the *Weſt* of *England*. Well! he is a nimble *Gentleman*, ſet him upon *Banks* his *horſe* in a *ſaddle rampant*, and it is a great queſtion, which part of the Centaur ſhewes better tricks.

There

There was a vote passing to translate him, with all his equipage, into Monumental Ginger-bread; but it was crossed by the Female Committee, alledging, that the Valour of his Image would bite their children by the tongues

This Cubit and a half of Commander, by the help of a *Diurnal*, routed his enemies fifty miles off: It is strange you will say, and it is generally believed, he would as soon do it at that distance as nearer hand. Sure it was his Sword, for which the weapon-salve was invented, that so wounding and healing, like loving *Correlates*, might both work at the same removes.

But the Squib is run to the end of the Rope, Room for the *Prodigy of Valour*, *Madam Atropos* in breeches, *Wallers* Knight-errantry: and because every *Mountebank* must have his *Zany*, throw him *Hazlerig* to set off the story; these two like *Bell* and the *Dragon*, are alwayes worshipped in the same Chapter, they hunt in their couples, what one doth at the head, the other scores up at the heel.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* murder the Psalmes with another to the same; one chimes all in, and then the other strikes up as the Saints-bell.

I wonder for how many lives my Lord *Hopton* took the Lease of his body.

First *Stamford* slew him: then *Waller* outkilled

killed that half a bar, and yet it is thought the ſullen Corps would ſcarce bleed, were both theſe Manſlayers never ſo near it.

The fame goes of a Dutch-Headſman, that he would do his office with ſo much eaſe and dexterity, that the head after execution ſhould ſtand upon the ſhoulders; pray God Sir *William* be not Probationer for the place. For as if he had the like knack too, moſt of thoſe whom the *Diurnal* hath ſlain for him, to us poor Mortals ſeem untoucht.

Thus the Artificers of Death can kill the man, without wounding the body, like Lightning that melts the ſword, and never ſinges the Scabbard.

This is the *William*, whoſe Lady is the *Conquerour*: This is the *Citie-Champion*, and the *Diurnals Delight*, he, that Cuckolds the Generall in his Commiſſion: for he ſtalks with *Eſſex*, and ſhoots under his belly, becauſe his Oxcellency himſelf is not charged there. Yet in all this triumph there is a Whip and a Bell: tranſlate but the Scene to *Round-way Down*, There *Hazlerig*'s Lobſters were turned into Crabs and crawled backwards: there poor Sir *William* ran to his wife for a uſe of conſolation.

But the *Diurnal* is weary of the arm of fleſh, and now begins an *Hoſanna* to *Cromwel*, one that hath beat up his Drums clean through the Old Teſtament: you may learn the Genealogie of

of our Saviour, by the names in his Regiment. The Muſter Maſter uſes no other Liſt than the firſt Chapter of *Matthew*.

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of Forrainers, when themſelves entertain ſuch an army of *Hebrews*? This *Crommel* is never ſo valarous, as when he is making ſpeeches for the Aſſociation; which nevertheleſſe he doth ſomewhat ominouſly with his neck awry, holding up his ear, as if he expected *Mahomets* Pidgeon to come and prompt him. He ſhould be a bird of prey too by his bloudy beak, his Noſe is able to try a young Eagle, whether ſhe be lawfully begotten. But all is not gold that glitters: What we wonder at in the reſt of them is naturall to him, to kill without bloud-ſhed: for the moſt of his Trophies are in a Church-window, when a Looking-glaſſe would ſhew him more Superſtition. He is ſo perfect a hater of Images, that he hath defaced God's in his own *countenance*. If he deals with men, 'tis when he takes them napping in an old *Monument*, then down goes *duſt* and *aſhes*: and the ſtouteſt *Cavalier* is no better. *O brave Oliver! Times Voider, Subſizer* to the *Worms*: in whom *Death* who formerly devoured our *Anceſtors*, now chews the cud. He ſaid grace once, as if he would have fallen aboard with the *Marqueſſe* of *Newcaſtle*: nay, and the *Diurnal* gave you his *bill of fare*: but it proved a running

bat-

banquet, as appears by the ſtory. Believe him as he whiſtles to his *Cambridge* Teem of *Commiteee-men*, and he doth wonders. But *holy men* (like the *holy Language*) muſt be read backwards. They rifle *Colledges* to promote *Learning*, and pull down *Churches* for *edification*. But *Sacriledge* is intailed upon him: There muſt be a *Cromwell* for *Cathedrals*, as well as for *Abbeys*: a ſecure ſin whoſe offence carries its pardon in its mouth: For how can he be hang'd for *Church-robbery*, which gives it ſelf the benefit of the *Clergy*.

But for all *Cromwels* Noſe wears the *Dominical Letter*, compared to *Mancheſter*, he is but like the *Vigils* to an *holy-day*. This, this is the man of God; a ſanctified *Thunder-bolt*, that *Burroughs*, in a proportionable blaſphemy to his *Lord of Hoſts*, would ſtyle him the *Archangel* giving battel to the *Devil*.

Indeed, as the *Angels*, each of them make a ſeverall *ſpecies*, ſo every one of his *Souldiers* is a diſtinct *Church*. Had theſe beaſts been to enter into the Ark, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have ſuited them into pairs. If ever there were a rope of ſand, it was ſo many Sects twiſted into an *Aſſociation*.

They agree in nothing, but they are all *Adamites* in underſtanding. It is the ſign of a *coward* to *wink* and fight; yet all their valour proceeds from their ignorance.

But

But I wonder whence their Generals purity proceeds; it is not by traduction: if he was begotten a Saint, it was by equivocal generation: for the Devil in the father, is turn'd Monk in the ſon: ſo his godlineſſe is of the ſame parentage with good Laws, both extracted of bad manners, and would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Text, and ſay to Corruption, *Thou art my Father.*

This is he, that hath put out one of the Kingdomes eyes, by clouding our Mother-Univerſity; and (if this Scotch miſt further prevail) will extinguiſh this other. He hath the like quarrel to both, becauſe both are ſtrung with the ſame *Optick nerve*, *Knowing Loyalty.* Barbarous Rebel! who will be revenged upon all Learning, becauſe his Treaſon is beyond the mercy of the book.

The *Diurnal* as yet hath not talkt much of Victories; but there is the more behind: For the Knight muſt alwayes beat the Giant: that's reſolved. If any thing fall out amiſſe, which cannot be ſmothered, the *Diurnal* hath a help at Maw, it is but putting to Sea, and taking a *Daniſh Fleet*, or brewing it with ſome ſucceſſe out of *Ireland*, and it goes down merrily.

There are more Puppets that move by the wyre of a *Diurnal*, as *Brereton* and *Gell*, two of *Mars* his petty-toes; ſuch ſnivelling Cowards,

that it is a favour to call them ſo. Was *Brereton* to fight with his teeth, as in all other things he reſembled the *Beaſt*, he would have odds of any man at the weapon: O he's a terrible ſlaughter-man at a Thanksgiving Dinner: had he been *Cannibal*, to have eaten thoſe that he vanquiſht, his Gut would have made him valiant.

The greateſt wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a Babe of Grace. Certainly it is not in his perſonall, but (as the *State-Sophies* diſtinguiſh) in his politick capicity; regenerated *ab extra*, by the zeal of the houſe he ſate in; as Chickens are hatcht at *Grand Cairo*, by the adoption of an Oven.

There is the *Woodmonger* too, a feeble Crutch to a declining Cauſe; a new branch of the old *Oak of Reformation*.

And now I ſpeak of Reformation, *vonz avez Fox*, the Tinker, the livelieſt embleme of it that may be; For what did this Parliament ever go about to reform, but Tinker-wiſe, in mending one hole, they made three?

But I have not Ink enough to cure all the Tetters and Ring-worms of the State.

I will cloſe up all thus: The Victories of the Rebels are like the Magical Combat of *Apuleius*, who, thinking he had ſlain all three of his Enemies, found them at laſt but a Triumvirate of Bladders. Such and ſo empty are the triumphs of a *Diurnall*; but ſo many impoſthumated

Fan-

Fancies, ſo many bladders of their own blowing.

The Character of a Countrey Committee-man, with the Ear-mark of a Sequeſtrator.

A Committee-man by his name ſhould be one that is poſſeſſed; there is number enough in his name to make an Epithet for Legion; he is *Perſona in conereto* (to borrow the Soleciſme of a modern Stateſman) you may tranſlate it by the Red Bull phraſe, and ſpeake as properly, enter ſeven Devils *ſolus*: It is a well-trus'd title, that contains both the number and the Beaſt. For a Committee-man is a Noun of multitude; he muſt be ſpelled with figures, like Antichriſt wrapped in a pair-royall of Sixes: Thus the name is as monſtrous as the Man, a compleat notion of the ſame lineage with accumulative treaſon: For his office is the Heptarchy, of *Englands* Fritters: it is the broken meat of a crumbling Prince, only the Royalty is great; for it is here as in the miracle of loaves, the voider exceeds the Bill of fare; the Pope and he rings the change; here is the plurality of Crowns to one head, joyn them together, and there is a harmony in diſcord, the triple-headed Porter of Hell. A Committee-man is the reliques of Regall Government, but (like holy Reliques) he outbulks the ſubſtance whereof he is a remnant:

There is a ſcore of Kings in a Committee, as in the reliques of the Croſſe, there is the number of twenty. This is the Gyant with the hundred hands that wields the Scepter, the tyrannicall Bead-Roll, by which the Kingdome prayes backward, and with a kind of *Rebus*, at every curſe drops a Committee-man. Let *CHARLES* be waved, whoſe conducing clemency aggravates the defection, and make *Nero* the queſtion, better a *Nero* than a Committee. There is leſſe execution by a ſingle bullet, than by caſe-ſhot.

Now a Committee-man is a party-coloured officer, he muſt be drawn like *Janus* with Croſſe and Pile in his countenance, as he relates to the Souldiers, or face about to his fleecing the Country. Look upon him martially and he is a Juſtice of war; one that hath bound his *Dalton* up in Buff, & will needs be of the *Quorum* to the beſt Commanders; he is one of *Mars* his Lay-Elders, he ſhares in the Government, though a Non-conformiſt to his bleeding Rubrick he is the like Sectary in arms, as the Platonick, is in love, keeps a flattering in diſcourſe, but proves Haggard in the action; he is not of the Souldiers, and yet of his flock; it is an Emblem of the golden Age (and ſuch indeed he makes it) to him, when ſo tame a Pidgeon may converſe with Vulturs. Methinks a Committee hanging about a Governour, and Bandileers dangling about a fur'd Alderman, have an Anagram reſem-

ſemblance; there is no Syntax between a Cap of maintenance and a helmet. Who ever knew an enemy routed by a grand-Jury and a *Billa vera*? It is a left-handed Garriſon where their authority perches, but the more prepoſterous, the more in faſhion: the right hand fights, while the left rules the reins: The truth is, the Souldier and the Gentleman are like *Don Quixot* and *Sancha Pancha*, one fights at all adventures to purchaſe the other the Government of the Iſland. A Committee-man properly ſhould be the Governours Mattroſſe to fit his truckle, to raiſe Aſſeſſements in the neighbouring Wapentake. The Country people being like an Iriſh Cow, that will not give down her milk unleſſe ſhe ſee her Calf before her: Hence it is he is the Garriſons dry Nurſe, he chews their Contribution before he feeds them; ſo the poor Souldiers live like *Trochilus*, by picking the teeth of this ſacred Crocodile. So much for his warlike or ammunition face, which is ſo preternaturall, that it is rather a vizard than a face. *Mars* in him hath but a blinking aſpect, his *face of Arms* is like his *coat, partie per pale*, Souldier and Gentleman, much of a ſcantling. Now enter his Taxing and deglubing face, a ſqueezing look like that of *Veſpaſianus*, as if he were breeding over a cloſeſtool

Take him thus, and he is in the inquiſition of the purſe an authentick Gypſie, that nips your Bung with a canting Ordinance, not a

murthered fortune in all the *Country*, but bleeds at the touch of this malefactor. He is the ſpleen of the body Politick, that ſwels it ſelf to the conſumption of the whole. At firſt indeed he ferreted for the Parliament, but ſince he hath got off his Cope, he ſet up for himſelf, he lives upon the ſins of the people, and that's a good ſtanding-diſh too, he verifies the Axiom, *Iiſdem nutritur ex quibus componitur*, his diet is ſuitable to his conſtitution. I have wondred often why the plundred Country men ſhould repair to him for ſuccour, certainly it is under the ſame notion, as one whoſe pockets are pickt goes to *Mal cut-purſe*, as the predominant in that faculty. He out dives a Dutchman: gets a Noble of him that was never worth ſix-pence, for the pooreſt do not eſcape, but Dutch like he will be dreyning even the drieſt ground; he aliens a Delinquents eſtate with as little remorſe, as his Holineſſe giveth away an Hereticks Kingdome, and for the truth of the Delinquency, both Chapmen have as little ſhare of infallibility. Lye is the grand Sallad of Arbitrary Government, Executor to the Star-Chamber, and the high Commiſſion; for thoſe Courts are not extinct, they ſurvive in him, like Dollars changed into ſingle money. To ſpeak the truth, he is the vniverſall Tribunal: for ſince theſe times all cauſes fall to his cognizance, as in a great infection all diſeaſes turn oft to the Plague. It concerns

concerns our Maſters the *Parliament* to look about them, if he proceedeth at this rate, the Iack may come to ſwallow the Pike; as the Intereſt often eats out the Principall. As his commands are great, ſo he looks for a reverence accordingly. He is punctuall in exacting your hat, and to ſay right, it is his due: but by the ſame title as the upper garment is the vails of the Executioner. There was a time when ſuch cattel would hardly have been taken upon ſuſpicion for men in office, unleſſe the old Proverb wee renewed, that the Beggars make a free Company, and thoſe their Wardens. You may ſee what it is to hang together, look upon them ſeverally, and you cannot but fumble for ſome tireds of charity: But O they are Tarmagants in conjunction! like Fidlers who are rogues when they go ſingle, and joyned in conſort, gentlemen Muſicianers. I care not much if I untwiſt my Committee-man, and ſo give him a receit of this grand Catholicon

Take a State-Martyr, one that for his good behavour hath paid the Exciſe of his ears, ſo ſuffered captivity by the Land-Piracy of Ship-money next a Primitive Freeholder, one that hates the King, becauſe he is a Gentleman, tranſgreſſing the *Magna Charta* of delving *Adam*. Adde to theſe a mortified Bankrupt, that helps out his falſe weights with ſome ſcruples of Conſcence, and with his peremptory ſcales

can doom his Prince with a *Mene Tekel.* Theſe with a new blue-ſtokin'd Juſtice, lately made of a good basket-hilted Yeoman, with a ſhorthanded Clerk, tackt to the rear of him to carry the Knapſack of his underſtanding, together with two or three equivocall Sirs, whoſe Religion like their Gentility, is the extract of their Acres, being therefore ſpirituall, becauſe they are earthly; nor forgetting the man of the Law, whoſe corruption gives the *Hogo* to the ſincere Junćto. Theſe are the ſimples of this precious compound, a kind of Dutch hotchpotch, the *Hogan Mogan* Committee-man.

A Committee-man hath a Side-man, or rather a ſetter-hight, a Sequeſtrator: of whom you may ſay, as of the great Sultans horſe, where he treads the graſſe grows no more. He is the States-Cormorant, one that fiſhes for the publick, but feeds himſelf; the miſery is, he fiſhes without the Cormorants property, a rope to ſtrengthen the gullet, and to make him diſgorge. A Sequeſtrator! He is the Devils Nut-hook, the ſign with him is always in the clutches. There are more Monſters retain to him than to all the limbs in Anatomy. It is ſtrang Phyſicians do not apply him to the ſoles of the feet in a deſperate Feaver, he draws far beyond Pigeons: I hope ſome Mountebank will ſlice him, and make the Experiment. He is a Tooth-drawer once removed, here is the difference,

one

one applauds the Grinder, the other the Griſt. Never till now could I verifie the Poets deſcription, that the ravenous Harpie had a humane viſage. Death it ſelf cannot quit ſcores with him; Like the Demoniack in the Goſpel, he lives among Tombs, nor is all the holy water ſhed by Widows and Orphans, a ſufficient Exorciſm to diſpoſſeſſe him. Thus the Cat ſucks your breath, and the fiend your bloud; Nor can the brotherhood of witch-finders, ſo ſagely inſtituted with their terrour, wean the Familiars.

But once more to ſingle out my imboſt Committee-man, his fate (for I know you would fain ſee an end of him) is either a whipping Audit, when he is wrung in the withers by a Committee of Examinations, and ſo the ſponge weeps out the moiſture which he ſoaked before; Or elſe he meets his paſſing peal in the clamorous mutiny of a gut-foundred Garriſon; For the hedge-Sparrow will be feeding the Cuckow, till he miſtakes his commons and bites off her head. Whatever 'tis, it is within his deſert: For what is obſerved of ſome creatures, that at the ſame time they trade in productions three ſtories high, ſuckling the firſt, big with the ſecond, and clicketing for the third. A Committee-man is the Counterpoint, his miſchief is ſuperfetation, a certain ſcale of deſtruction; for he ruines the Father,

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beggers the Son, and ſtrangles the hopes of all poſterity.

A Letter to a Friend, Diſſwading him from his attempt to marry a NUN.

SIR,

THough no mans arms can be opened wider to receive you on ſhore, and give you poſſeſſion of this breſt, yet I know not whether with the uſuall complement, I may welcome you home, as doubting your Countrey may have mewed that relation in ſo long an abſence, ſhe having expos'd her nobleſt Iſſue, being conviction enough to make you diſclaim her. Beſides, there is ſuch a new face of things ſince your departure, that what was formerly the Character of the Inhabitant, is now the Kingdomes, *To be a ſtranger at home*, inſomuch as were you deſign'd for a ſecond journey, it might be part of your buſineſſe to travel other Countreys in queſt of your own. Indeed ſhe is ſuch an Alien in her looks, that moſt of her Off-ſpring dare not ask her bleſſing; her countenance is not denizen of her ſelf, you would think her to be ſome floating Iſland, that had made a voyage onely to truck for an outlandiſh viſage. Some, who have ſpell'd her lineaments ſay ſhe copies out the *Dutch*, and to make good the parallel, they doubt not to inſtance our *Hogan* Governours. It is in a broken

ken Kingdome, as in a crack'd Lookin-glaſſe, where inſtead of one face, that Monarch-like, ſhould repreſent the whole, you may ſee variety of leſſer ones glimmering in its room, and the Aſpects of all of them fierce and frowning. Well then a forreiner ſhe is, and her complexion borrowed; ſo that as our new Philoſophers would have the Earth to move, and the heavens ſtand ſtill, the ſame may be ſaid of the State of ours, and the Royall train that you were part of. It was the Kingdome wandered, not you that left it. You are fix'd, and *England* in exile. When a Countrey reels from its ſetled poſture, there is no defection in him that quits it, it having firſt abandon'd it ſelf. In this caſe, though it be a fallacy in the ſence, it holds good in reaſon, that the ſhore moves and falls off from the Saylor. Whence you ſee, Sir, there is ſome poſſibility I might reverſe your travels, were it not for one argument which abundantly confirms them, the ſage experience you have treaſur'd up in your obſervations: for no ſooner had you loſt your native ſoil, but by way of repriſall you took in others. The Dominions you viſit you carry along with you, and by a victorious induſtry make them pay tribute to your underſtanding: not like a number of our roaring Gallants, who return ſo empty and without their errand, as if their travell, like Witches in the air, were nothing

nothing but the waſtage of a deluded phantaſy, perſwading themſelves that they circle the Globe, when the Card they ſayl by, is nothing elſe but a ſlumbering impoſture. But methinks we are too grave Sir, what if we unbend a while, and tell you that in all your Errantry, there is no Adventure ſo much affects me, as that of the *Nun*: where I cannot determine, whether your love it ſelf were more exotick, or the form of accoſting it: For although it be naturall for Jealouſie to ſtudy Fornication, and every Cuckold within his own precincts to be an Engineer, yet never before have I heard of a Miſtreſſe fenc'd with a port-cullice, or an amarous viſit manag'd with the caution, which ſuſpicious Kings uſe in an enterview. This manner of greeting may not unfitly be termed *Cupids* barriers, breathing exerciſe rather then a combat, where the dallying Champions have a rail to part them, that they may not fight it out to the uttermoſt. Had your old Romancing ſpirit poſſeſt you, the brandiſh'd blade would have freed the Lady from her inchanted durance; nor had you been leſſe concerned in the reſcue, than the fair Recluſe; for who, that blows ſhort in expectation of his love, and in that heat of impatience ſhould be ſever'd from his hopes by a few envious bars, would not feel himſelf like another S. *Laurence* broyl'd on a Gridiron? But ſee how cuſtomes

ſtomes may vary with the clime; as there are ſome Regions who ſalute one another by putting off their ſhoos inſtead of their hats, ſo it ſeems where you have been, there is as different a form of impriſonment: the Priſoner is at large and without the grate wiſhing for admittance, and ſhe, at whoſe ſuit his ſoul is arreſted, cloſe clapt up and abridged of liberty. Sure at this grate thoſe *Chryſom*--lovers called *Platonicks*, had their firſt training, thoſe queaſie gamſters that diet themſelves with the very notion of mingling ſouls, without putting their bodies to farther brokage than kiſſing of hands, and twiſting of eye-beams. For your part Sir, you are none of thoſe puling ſtomacks, you have an appetite for a whole Cloiſter. It is but trifling ſports for you to pull down the Out-lier unleſſe you leap the pale, and let ſlip at the herd. I wonder what exorciſme the Abbeſſe uſed to get quit of the *Incubus*; for had ſhe not checked your hovering temptations, I am confident by this time you had transformed the Covent, and turned the *Nunnery* into a *Seraglio*. But in ſober ſadneſſe why a *Nun*? Sir, how came you out of the active torrent into that ſolitary creek! Princes ſeldome treat of Matches, but in forrein Dominions; your affection takes greater ſtate as fixing upon one of another world: had your paſſion been centred on the beauty of her ſoul,

I had looked upon it as the act of your converſion, ſuch a love might juſtly have been chriſtened by the name of Zeal, being ſetled on a perſon, on whom to be enamoured is in a ſort to take Orders. Hence it is, there want not ſome who ſuſpect your Religion, leſt equivocating from the beauty of her perſon, to that of her profeſſion, you ſhould turn Monaſtick. Others, who are better acquainted with the warmth of your temper, are rather ſolicitous for the Church in generall, for fear leſt with *Luther* you ſhould marry a *Nun*, and ſo with him to make her a Joincture in a new Religion. If this be your plot, conſider I pray you, how difficult it is to innovate farther in this age of Novelties, when the world is ſo ſpent in new inventions, that for want of gain, even ruſt and rottenneſſe are flouriſhed over with a ſeeming verdure; Not one of all thoſe beldam hereſies, that did pennance formerly by the doom of the Ancients, but hath caſt her skin ſince theſe confuſions, and giveth her ſelf out for a blooming Virgin. But I think I may ſpare this piece of councell: I dare be your compurgator for medling with Religion. That which fir'd your ſpirits, was the ambition of the enterprize; nor could you entertain a more aſpiring frenzy, but by making to a glorified body. Tell me, I pray you, how many beads did you drop in wooing? By what Liturgy did you

you frame your courtſhip? Laick applications are here ſcandalous, nor will it avail to ſay you languiſh without compaſſion: A ſenſuall man is able to vitiate the veſtall flame even by his martyrdome. Other lovers in the jollity of their trope, uſe to canonize their Miſtreſſes, as being of opinion, that the native rubrick of their cheeks hath hallowed them; will you run counter to that conſecration, and degrade a Saint by morall addreſſes? If you have no room in your Kalendar for perſons upon earth, yet do not prophane a Probationer of heaven, as if the readieſt way to rectifie Superſtition, were with our Modern Reformers, to bow it into Atheiſme. Let me adviſe you Sir, to retrieve your ſelf back from this carnall ſacriledge. Catch not at *Heroſtratus* his fame, by ſetting fire on the Temple; and diſpute not a ſhape of guilt with *Lucifer*, in cauſing a ſecond fall of Angels: Nay, never ſtart Sir, nor look about at the expreſſion; for I perſwade my ſelf, that thoſe Divines, who allot to each of us a Tutelar Angel for our protection, would not prejudice their opinion, ſhould they leave her to her own tuition, as hardly knowing in ſuch a perſon how to diſtinguiſh between the Charge and the Guardian. Sir, I was entreated by our noble Friend, that what my Phantaſie ſuggeſted upon this ſubject, I would mould into number; but I muſt begg

your

your pardons, it being a requeſt with which to comply were to be your fellow-criminall, and and by a conformity of guilt to pervert a votary; for even my Muſe is vowed and veild too, ſhe is ſet apart for the ſervice of my Miſtreſſe, and what is that, but even true Religion. The truth is, ſhe is ſo charily confined to that ſole employment, that ſhould I in verſe attempt to yield you an accompt, how much I honour you, not a whole grove of Laurell would bribe her to a diſtick, whereas in tranſitory proſe, were I Maſter of all thoſe Languages, which I make no queſtion but you have gain'd by your travels, I ſhould hold them all to few to give you ſufficient aſſurance that I am,

Sir,

Your moſt faithfull.

LETTERS.

SIR,

THough I have no reaſon to be guilty of much good meaning to your Garriſon, yet I thought it not unfit to tell you that on Friday laſt, one *Hill* by name, in no other condition than my ſervant, entred your Ark, and with him of my monies 133-0-8. this preciſe ſumm I was willing you ſhould know, ſuppoſing your

your wiſdome might own the monies, though your honeſties could hardly allow the act. W^e^ if ſo,& that hereafter we ſhall find it no ſin to violate your ſanctuary, & upon the audit find the receipt,we may happily count it a loan,and not a loſſe, it being in hands reſponſible for greater matters: and now Sir, let me ſpeak to you as a judge, not as an advocate, give the fellow his juſt reward,prefer him,or ſend him hither, and we ſhall; If you dare not truſt him, let him be truſſed;If you dare, I ſhall wiſh you more ſuch ſervants, and for that onely reaſon excuſe me for the preſent, that I dare not ſay I am yours:

W. E.

The Anſwer.

SIxtly, beloved is it ſo, that our brother and fellow labourer in the Goſpel is ſtart aſide? then this may ſerv for an uſe of inſtruction, not to truſt in man, or in the Son of man. Did not *Demas* leave *Paul*? Did not *Oneſimus* run from his maſter *Philemon*? Alſo this ſhould teach us to imploy our talents, and not lay them up in a napkin. Had it been done among the Cavaliers it had been juſt, then the Iſraelite had ſpoiled the Egyptian: but for *Simeon* to plunder *Levi*, that-that-! You ſee what uſe Sir, I make of your doctrine you ſent to me, and indeed ſince you change ſtyle ſo far as to nibble at Wit, you muſt pardon it to quit ſcores; I pretend a little to a

gift in preaching. Sir, I expected to hear from you in the phraſe of the loſt Groat, and the prodigall Son, and ſuch a *tantum* of language, but I percieve your communication is not alwayes yea yea, but now and then a little harlottry Rhetorick: you ſay that your man is entred our Ark, I am ſorry you are ſo ignorant in Scripture as to let him come ſingle; The text had been better ſatisfied, if you had pleaſed to bear him company, for then the beaſts had entred by couples. But though he came alone, yet well lined it ſeems, a 133.0.8. ſure the Hue and Cry had good Lungs, it would have been out of breath elſe, before it had reached the 8. Thus is the ſum, but why you call it the preciſe ſum, ſince it is fallen away, I underſtand not: but how come you to reckon ſo punctually; Did *Ananias* tell it upon the Table-Dormant? What year of the perſecution of the Saints? I wonder you did not rather count it by the ſhekels, that is the more ſanctified coyn. I take it you are miſtaken in the ſanctuary you ſpeak of; For that which your man hath taken is *Welbeck*, one of our Chappels of eaſe, not the mother Church, our Garriſon of *Newarke*. But the beſt is, they are both without the reach of your ſacriledge. Whereas you count the loſſe but a loan, we ſhall grant as a debt, but bearing the ſame date of payment, as that which you borrowed on the publick Faith. I ſuſpect your hand

was

was troubled with the Palſey when you wrote of a Judge: your man how ever ſhall find me an advocate, ſo what ſay you to an occaſionall meditation? Reflect but on your ſelf, how you have uſed our common maſter, and I doubt not, but then you will pardon your man, he hath but tranſcribed and copied out the diſloyalty of his maſter, as his fraternity hath taught him: and to conclude with your own; I wiſh you more ſuch ſervants; and more ſuch ſums, to be derived to their proper channell, from whence it is imaginable that was purloyned.

J. C.

SIR,

HAd not indulgent mercy provided for troubled ſpirits ſacred Oracles, how troubled had you been to contrive ſomething worthy of laughter? how eaſily had the expence of your wit been truſſed up in an Egg-ſhell. I dare not trace in holy ground, it is not ſafe nibling there; you ſee what doctrine I make of your uſe. But yet ſo far as yours is prophane, give me leave to nibble at wit, though I dare undertake, like a mighty Coloſſe (whoſe very motion doth *Cleave-Land* like *terram findere*) to devoure indigeſted lumps of wit, as the Cyclops men at a morſel, & then retail it out as a Jugler doth Inkle by the yard, all in Characters, & by couples entring the ark upon account. Yet allow me to nibble, and I'le allow you the gift in preaching.

Pity it is the proviſion of ſo many ſavory leſſons, wholſome inſtructions, even ſo many pious Collections, as might worthily have entituled you to the comfortable ſubſiſtance of a well gleb'd Vicaridge, beſides the advantage of a wit, which would require another wit, to tel how great ſuch a divine knowledge as might enable you to prophane every leaf of holy Writ, unknown ſanctity, and a conſcience ſo tender I dare not touch; Pity it is ſuch accompliſh'd gifts, and prodigious Parts ſhould be miſ-imploy'd in ſecular affaires, ſuch an holy Father might have begot as many babes for the Mother-Church of *Newark*, as our party hath of late done Gariſons, and converted as many ſouls as *Chaucers* Fryer, with the ſhoulder-bone of the loſt ſheep. But you ſay you expected: I thought you had had more than you expected, but however you expected penitentiall language, and humble ſtyle. The groat I will not meddle with, 'tis holy coyn, an addreſſe full of complaints. Sir, we (like your ſelves) can ſpeak big of our loſſes, and yet with more ingenuity confeſſe them; though I for modeſty will not ask you who ſtole from you of late a Fort-town, or who ran away with the King; but of that--for that preciſe ſum, I ſee you are willing to quarrel at preciſeneſſe, it was to tell you the e ige would have transformed it upon your very---How you quarrell at your good, had

had you miſtaken him for a tax-gatherer, and eas'd him of his portage before he arrived at our Chappell of eaſe, I would not you ſhould have abated him a fourth part for his forwardneſſe, and put it upon the file of contribution for his Majeſties good Garriſon of *Newark*: I ſhould have liked the ſecurity well, and when your works had failed to ſave you, expected a return upon the publick faith, the meditation whereof putteth me upon this advice; think not prophaneſſe can compact with mudde, to caſt up a trench of ſecurity, attempt not, though a gyant, to reach at ſtars, to throw that Proverb at you,

Be wiſe on this ſide Heaven.

The Anſwer.

THe Philoſopher that never laughed but once, when he ſaw an Aſſe mumbling of thiſtles, would have broke his ſpleen at the rejoynder of yours, for who would not take that for an Embleme of this, obſerving how gingerly, and with what caution you nibble at my Letters, leſt it ſhould prick your chaps. But ſomething muſt needs be reply'd: Repetitions are uſuall with the Saints at *Grantham*. I look upon your letter as a ſpittle-Sermon, where I perceive your

your ambition, how you would prove your ſelf a clean beaſt, becauſe you know how to chew the cud: For the firſt ſentence, where you ſpeak of troubled ſpirits, and ſacred Oracles, you talk as if you were in *Doll Commons* extaſie, certainly your ſpirit is troubled, elſe your expreſſions had not run ſo muddy: for never was Oracle more ambiguous, if poſſible, to be reconciled to ſenſe. The wit which you ſay may be truſſed up in an egg-ſhell, I fear your oval crown hath ſcarce capacity to contain: your diſclaim being a Coloſſe content. I have as diminutive thoughts of you as you pleaſe. I take you for a Jack of Lent, and my pen ſhall make of you accordingly, three throws for a penny. But you cannot *Cleave-Land* like *terram findere.* O what a chargeable commodity is wit at *Grantham*, where the poor writer playes the Pimp, and jumbles two Languages together in unlawfull ſheets for the production of a quibble. But I applaud your cunning, the more unknown the town is you jeſt in, your wit will be the better; and why cannot you *Cleave* the *Land*? tread but hard, and your cloven foot will leave it's impreſſion; you talk of the Cyclops and Juglers, indeed hard words are the Juglers Dialect, but take heed, the time may come, when unleſſe you play *preſto be gone*, your run-away-King may cauſe you Juglers-wife to diſgorge your fate, and vomit

a rope inſtead of Inkle. But to eccho your compaſſion and return you an inventory of your good party, is it not pity the pure extract of ſanctified *Emanuel*, parboyled there in a Pipkin of Predeſtination, and ſince well read in the ſick mans ſalve, and crums of comfort, and liberally fed with all the minced meat in Divinity; Is it not pity ſuch a pious gogle at the Eye, ſuch a melodious twang at the noſe, ſuch a ſplay-mouth drawn dry, as it were, edifying the ear in private, beſides the cheverall lungs which will ſtretch forth ſo far as ſeventeenthly; Is it not pity theſe gallant ingredients of modern devotion, which might juſtly have qualified you for a tub-lecture, and in time have enlarged your Dioceſſe as that of Hidebery, that thoſe ineffable parts that paſſe all underſtanding, ſhould thus be ſequeſtred from the primitive uſe, and of a godly Lance-preſade in the Church-militant, be converted to a brother of the Blade, ſuch a walking Directory, ſuch a zealous *Roger* as this, might have ſaved more ſouls than ever *Sampſon* ſlew, and with the ſame Engine, the Jaw-bone of an Aſſe: your pen is coy, and you wave the holy ground; and the holy coyn with a ſquemiſh preterition: I am glad to hear you acknowledge there is an holy ground, for then I hope *Hotham*'s barn is not as good a Congregation as Saint *Paul*'s; for the holy coin you

muſt pardon me if I ſuſpect the chaſtity of your fingers. I am ſure thoſe of your party have been troubled with fellons; witneſſe the Church-revenues, and ſeverall ſacriledges that cannot be paired off with your nails; But there is another reaſon why I abſtain from the ignominy of the Saints. You were in hopes to retrieve your money, but verily, verily, never ſprings the partridge. You would have your man taken for a tax-gatherer: Lord, how the ſtyle alters, the man when he was with you, was one of the Scribes and Phariſees, and here he muſt paſſe for a Publican and ſinner. Sir, we caſt up no trench of ſecurity, though we might have dirt enough in your language to do it, and yet we hope to be ſaved by our works, for all the ſtrength of your Faith, whereby you hold your ſelves able to remove mountains: for your advice, not to throw ſtars at your head, I embrace it, for what need I, as long as there is gooſe-ſhot to be had for money, my wit ſhall be on what ſide heaven you pleaſe, provided it be alwayes antartick to yours: for the appellation of Giant I accept it, onely I am ſorry that I am not he with the hundred hands, that I might ſo often ſubſcribe my ſelf,

Sir,

Your ſervant,

Jo. Cl.

THE CHARACTER OF *A DIURNAL-MAKER.*

A *Diurnal-maker* is the Sub-almoner of History, Queen *Mabs* Regiſter; one, whom by the ſame figure, that a North-Countrey Pedler is a Merchant-man, you may ſtyle an Authour: It is the like over-reach of language, where every thin tinder-cloaked Quack, a Doctor; when a Clumſy Cobler uſurps the attribute of our Engliſh Peers, and is vamped a Tranſlator, liſt him a Writer and you ſmother *Geoffrey* in ſwabberſlops, the very name of *Dabbler* over-ſets him, he is ſwallowed up in the praiſe like Sir *Samuel Luke* in a great Sadle, nothing to be ſeen but the giddy Feather in his Crown. They call him a *Mercury*, but he becomes the Epithete, like the little *Negro* mounted on the Elephant, juſt ſuch another blot-rampant. He has not ſtuffings ſufficient for the reproach of a Scribler, but it hangs about him like an old wives skin, when the fleſh hath forſaken her, lank and looſe. He defames a good title, as well as moſt of our modern Noble-men, thoſe

thoſe Wennes of greatneſſe, the Body-politicks moſt peccant humours, bliſtred into Lords. He hath ſo rawboned a Being, that however you render him, he rubs it out, and makes raggs of the expreſſion. The ſilly Countrey-man (who ſeeing an Ape in a ſcarlet coat, bleſt his young worſhip, and gave his Landlord joy of the hopes of his houſe) did not ſlander his Complement with worſe application, than he that names this ſhred an Hiſtorian. To call him an Hiſtorian, is to Knight a Mandrake, it is to view him throw a perſpective, and by that groſſe Hyperbole to give the reputation of an Engineer to a maker of Mouſe-traps. Such an Hiſtorian would hardly paſſe muſter with a Scotch Stationer in a ſieve-full of Ballads and godly Benks. He would not ſerve for the breſt-plate of a begging Græcian. The moſt crampt *Compendium* that the age hath ſeen ſince all learning was torn into ends, out-ſtrips him by the head: I have heard of Puppets that could prattle in a Play, but never ſaw of their writings before. There goes a report of the *Holland* women, that together with their children they are delivered of a Sooterkin; not unlike to a Rat, which ſome imagine to be the Off-ſpring of the Stoves: I know not what *ignis fatuus* adulterates the Preſſe, but it ſeems much after that faſhion, elſe how could this Vermin think to be a Twin to a legitimate

Writer,

Writer, when thoſe weekly fragments ſhall paſſe for Hiſtory? let the poor-mans box be intituled the Exchequer, and the alms-basket a Magazine. Not a worm that gnaws on the dull ſcalpe of voluminous *Hollinſhed*, but at every meal devoured more Chronicle, than his tribe amounts to. A marginall note of *William Prinne* would ſerve for a winding-ſheet for that mans works, like thick-skinned fruits are all rinde, fit for nothing but the Authours fate, to be pared in a Pillory.

The Cook, who ſerved up the Dwarf in a Pye (to continue the frolique) might have lapped up ſuch an Hiſtorian as this in the bill of fare. He is the firſt tincture and rudiment of a Writer, dipped as yet in the preparative blew, like an Almanack well-willer. He is the *Cadet* of a Pamphletere, the *Pedee* of a Romancer. He is the *Embrio* of a Hiſtory, ſlinked before maturity. How ſhould he record the iſſues of time, who himſelf is an Abortive? I will not ſay but he may paſſe for an Hiſtorian in *Gerbiers* Academy, he is much of ſize of thoſe knot-graſſe profeſſors; What a pitifull Seminary was there projected, yet ſuitable enough to the preſent Univerſities, thoſe dry-Nuries, which the providence of the age has ſo fully reformed, that they are turned Reformados. But that is no matter, the meaner the better: It is a maxim obſervable in theſe dayes,

dayes, that the onely way to win the game, is to play *petty Johns*. Of this number is the Eſquire of the quill; for he hath the grudging of *Hiſtory*, and ſome yawnings, accordingly. Writing is a diſeaſe in him, and holds like a quotidian, ſo it is his infirmity that makes him an Author: As *Mahomet* was beholding to the falling ſickneſſe to vouch him a *Prophet*. That nice Artificer who filed a chain ſo thinne and light that a Flea could trail it (as if he had worked ſhort hand, and taught his tooles to cypher) did but contrive an Emblem for this skip-jack and his ſlight productions.

Me thinks the *Turk* ſhould licence Diurnalls, becauſe he prohibits learning and books. A Library of Diurnalls is a wardrobe of frippery, it is a juſt Idea of the Limbo of Infants. I ſaw one once that could write with his toes, by the ſame token I could have wiſhed he had worn his copies for ſocks, it is he without doubt, from whom the Diurnalls derive their pedegree, and they have a birth-right accordingly, being ſhuffled out at the beds-feet of Hiſtory. To what infinite numbers an Hiſtorian would multiply, ſhould he crumble into Elves of this profeſſion? *Legioned Pamme*, whoſe fleſh bred ſuch a world of Executors, as being made of the roe of a Herring, of nothing

elſe

elſe but compacted nits, did not disband his body in more variety. To ſupply this ſmallneſſe they are fain to joyn forces, ſo they are not ſingly, but as the cuſtome is, in a croaking Committee; They tug at the Pen, like ſlaves at the Oare, a whole bank together, they write in the poſture that the *Sweeds* give fire in, over one anothers heads. It is ſaid there is more of them go to a ſuit of Cloaths, than to a *Britannicus*; In this Polygamy the Cloaths bred, and cannot determine whoſe iſſue is lawfully begotten.

And here I think it were not amiſſe to take a particular how he is accoutered, and ſo doe by him, as he in his *Siquis* for the wall-eyed Mare, or the crop-flea-bitten; give you the marks of the beaſt. I begin with his head, which is ever in the Clouts, as if the night-cap ſhould make affidavit, that the brain was pregnant. To what purpoſe doth the *Pia Mater* lie in ſo duly, in her white formalities, ſure ſhe hath hard labour; for the browes have ſqueezed for it, as you may perceive by his buttered bonegrace, that film of a demicaſter, it is ſo thinne and unctuous, that the Sunbeams miſtake it for a vapour, and are like to cap him; ſo it is right *Heliotrope*, it creaks in the ſhine, and flaps in the ſhade. What ever it be, I wiſh it were able to call in his eares; there is no proportion betwixt that head

and

and appurtenances ? thoſe of all Luggs are no more fit for that ſmall Noddle of the circumciſion, than braſſe boſſes for a *Geneva Bible*. In what a puzzling newtrality is that poor ſoule that moves betwixt two ſuch ponderous byaſſes. His collar is wedged with a piece of peeping linnen, by which he meanes a *bond*, it is the forlorne of his ſhirt crawling out of his neck, indeed it is time that his ſhirt were jogging, for it hath ſerved him an apprentiſhip, and (as prentices uſe) it hath learned his trade too, to which effect it is marching to the Paper Mill and the next week ſets up for it ſelf in the ſhape of a *Phamphlet*; His *Gloves* are the ſhavings of his hands, for he caſts his skin like a cancelled parchment, the itch repreſents the broken ſeals. His Boots are the Legaſies of two black Jacks, and till he pawned the ſilver that the Jacks were tipped with, it was a pretty mode of boot-hoſe tops. For the reſt of his habit he is a perfect Seaman, a kind of Interpawlin, he being hanged about with his courſe compoſition theſe Poledavies papers.

But I muſt draw to an end, for every Character is an Anotamy-Lecture, and it fares with mee in this of the *Diurnall-maker*, as with him that reads on a begged Malefactor; my ſubject ſmells before I have gone half thorow him : for a parting blow then, the

word

word *Hiſtorian* imports a ſage and ſolemn Author, one thar curles his brow with a ſullen gravity, like a Bull-necked Presbyter, ſince the Army hath got off his juriſdiction, who Presbyter-like ſweeps his breaſt with a reverend beard, full of native moſſe-troopers. Not ſuch a ſquirting ſcribe as this that is troubled with the Rickets, and makes penyworths of Hiſtory. The Colledge-Treaſury, that never had in bank a bove a *Harry* groat, ſhut up there in a melancholy ſolitude, like one that is kept to keep poſſeſſion, had as good evidence to ſhew for his title, as he for an Hiſtorian: ſo if he needs will be an Hiſtorian, he is not cited in the *Sterling* acception, but after the rate of blew caps reckoning an Hiſtorian Scot. Now a Scotchmans tongue runnes high *Fullames*, there is a cheat in his Ideome; for the ſence ebbes from the bold expreſſion, like the Citizens *Gallon*, which the daawer interprets but *half-a-pinte*. In ſumme, a *Diurnall-maker* is the anti-mark of an Hiſtorian, he differs from him as a Drill from a man (or if you had rather have it in the Saints gibberiſh) as a *Hinter* doth from a *Holder-forth*.

FINIS.

CLEAVELANDS PETITION

To His

HIGHNESSE

The Lord

PROTECTOR.

May it please your Highness,

RUlers within the Circle of their Government have a claim to that which is said of the Deity, *They have their Center every where, and their Circumference no where.* It is in this confidence that I address to your *Highness*, as knowing no place in the Nation is so remote, as not to share in the ubiquity of your care; no Prison so close as to shut me up from partak-

ing of your influence. My *Lord*, it is my misfortune, that after ten years of retirement from being engaged in the difference of the State, having wound my self up in a private receſs, and my comportment to the publique, being ſo inoffenſiue, that in all this time, neither fears nor jealouſies have ſcrupled at my Actions: Being about three months ſince at *Norwich*, I was fetched with a guard before the Commiſſioners, and ſent Priſoner to *Yarmouth*, and if it be not a new offence to make inquiry wherein I offended (for hitherto my faults are kept as cloſe as my perſon,) I am induced to believe, that next to the adherence to the Royal party, the cauſe of my confinement is the narrowneſs of my eſtate; *for none ſtand committed whoſe eſtate can bail them*; I only am the Priſoner, who have no Acres to be my hoſtage. Now if my poverty be Criminal (with Reverence be it ſpoken,) I muſt implead your

Highneſs,

Highneſs, whoſe victorious Arms have reduc'd me to it, as acceſſary to my guilt. Let it ſuffice my Lord, that the calamity of the War hath made us poor; do not puniſh us for it! *Who ever did penance for being raviſhed?* Is it not enough that we are ſtript ſo bare, but it muſt be made in order to a ſevere Laſh? muſt our skars be engraven with new wounds? muſt we firſt be made Cripples, then beaten with our own Crutches? Poverty! if it be a fault, it is its own puniſhment; Who ſuffers for it more, pays Uſe upon uſe. I beſeech your *Highneſs* put ſome bounds to our overthrow, and do not purſue the chaſe to the other World; Can your thunder be levelled ſo low as our groveling Conditions? Can that towering Spirit, that hath quarried upon Kingdoms, make a ſtoop at us who are the rubbiſh of thoſe ruines? Methinks! I hear your former Atchievments interceding with you not to

fully your glories, with trampling on the proſtrate, nor Clog the wheels of your Chariot with ſo degenerous a Triumph. The moſt renowned *Heroes* have ever with ſuch tenderneſs cheriſhed their *Captives*, That their Swords did but cut out work for their courteſie; Thoſe that fell by their proweſs, ſprung up by their favours, as if they had ſtruck them down, onely to make them rebound the Higher. I hope your *Highneſs* as you are the Rival of their fame will be no leſs of their vertues; the nobleſt Trophy that you can erect to your Honour is to raiſe the afflicted. And ſince you have ſubdued all oppoſition, it now remains that you attach your ſelf, and with acts of Mildneſs vanquiſh your victory. It is not long ſince, *My Lord*, that you knocked off the Shackles from moſt of our party, and by a grand releaſe did ſpread your clemency as large as your teritories. Let not new proſcriptions interrupt

terrupt our Jubilee. Let not that your lenity be ſlandered as the Ambuſh of your further rigour. For the ſervice of his *Majeſty* (if it be objected) I am ſo far from excuſing it, that I am ready to alledge it in my vindication: I cannot conceive that my fidelity to my Prince ſhould taint me in your opinion; I ſhould rather expect it ſhould recommend me to your favour; Had not we been faithfull to our *King*, we could not have given our ſelves to be ſo to your *Highneſs*; you had then truſted us *gratis*, whereas now we have our former Loyalty to vouch us. You ſee my *Lord*, how much I preſume upon the greatneſs of your Spirit, that dare prevent my Indictment with ſo frank a Confeſſion, eſpecially in this, which I may ſo juſtly deny, that it is almoſt arrogancy in me to own it; for the truth is, I was not qualifi'd enough to ſerve him; all that I could do, was to bear a part in his ſufferings, and give my ſelf

up

up to be cheriſhed with his fall; thus my charge is double(my obedience to my Soveraign,and what is the reſult of that, my want of a fortune;) Now what ever reflections I have on the former;I am a true penitent for the latter; My *Lord* you ſee my crimes! As to my defence you bear it about you! I ſhall plead nothing in my juſtification, but your *Highneſſe* Clemency, which as it is the conſtant inmate of a valiant breaſt,(If you graciouſly pleaſe to extend it to your Suppliant in taking me out of this withering durance,) your *Highneſſe* will finde that mercy will eſtabliſh you more than power; though all the dayes of your life were as pregnant with victories, as your twice auſpicious third of *September.*

Your Highneſſe humble, and

ſubmiſſive Petitioner

J. C.

CLEAVELANDS

LETTER

To the Earle of

WESTMORLAND.

My Lord,

IT were high presumption in me not to be proud of this occasion; and I should be no less than a rebel to eloquence, if the lines you sent me had not raised me above my ordinary Levell: So that to express my gratitude, I must renounce my humility, and purchase one virtue at the price of another. And well may my modesty suffer in the service, when my reason it self is overwhelmed with the favour: To see a Person of your Lordships eminency possest of nobility by a double Tenure, both of birth and brain, so to bend his greatness as to stoop to me,

(who

(who live in the vale both of parts and fortune) is so high an honour, that who justly considers it, if he be not stupidly senseless, will be senseless with extasie. I for my part am lost in amazements; and it is mine interest to be so: for not knowing otherwise, how to give your present a fit reception, it is the best of my play to be besides my self in the action. You see (My Lord) how I empty my self of my native faculty, to be ready for those of your inspirings, as the Prophets of old in a sacred fury ran out of their wits to make room for the Deity. I shall not need hereafter to digest my conceptions, I shall speak by instinct: for when you designed to visit me with your lofty Numbers, what was it else but to make me the Priest of your Lordships Oracle? such is the strength and spirits of your fancy, that methought your Poems (like the richest wine) sent forth a steam at the opening. What flowed from your brain

brain, fumed into mine: it was almoſt impoſſible to read your lines, and be ſober. You, you (My Lord) are the favourite of the Muſes, your ſtrain is ſo happy, and hath the reputation for ſo matchleſs, as if you had a double key to the Temple of Honour: to let in your ſelf and exclude competitours. It is you (My Lord) have cut the clouds and reacht perfection: who having mounted the cliffe, lends an hand to me who am labouring in the craggy aſcent: ſo towering are the praiſes you pleaſe to beſtow on me, and my deſerts ſo grovelling, that to ſhew you my head is unworthy your height; it is not able to bear ſtem, it grows giddy with the precipice: it pains me to be on the laſt of an Hyperbole, you do but crucifie my tender merits to diſtend it thus at length and breadth. Conſider I pray you, that the leaneſt endowments would be plump and full, thus blown up with a quil: and that there are ſome

ſo

ſo dwarfiſh, whom the wrack will not ſtretch to a proper man. It is an excellent breathing for a puiſſant wit, to overbear the world in defence of a Paradox: and a good Advocate will weather out a cauſe, when there is neither truth nor tackle to aſſiſt his invention. I perſwade my ſelf you had never undertaken to have writ my Panegyrick, but that you ſaw it was to combate with the tyde, and to put your abilities to the utmoſt teſt in ſo unlikely a ſubject. Little do you think what ſtore of oppoſers your opinion will breed you: for though you be ſo powerfull in the art of perſwaſion, that ſhould you turn Apoſtate, there would need no more but to towle the bell for Religion: yet this is an Hereſie where you ſtand alone, and like *Scæva* in the breach, with your ſingle valour duel an army.

Now My Lord, if I be not miſtaken, I have found the motive that induced you

to oblige me; you are tyed by your Order to give protection to the weak and ſuccourleſs: ſo I muſt change mine addreſſes, and thank your Red Ribband for my commendations. Such, and ſo many are the flowers of Rhetorick you have heap'd upon me, that I run the hazard of that *Olympick* Victor, who was ſtifled with Poſies caſt upon him in approbation of his worth. Which fragrant fate, if I ſhould ſuſtain, what is there more to make me enamoured of death, but that the ſame flowers ſhould ſtrew my Corps in a Funeral oration? Could you think (My Lord) that the ſuppreſſing your name was able to conceal you, when it is eaſie to wind you by your phraſe? The ſweetneſs of the language diſcovered the Author; like that *Roman* Senatour, who, hiding himſelf in time of proſcription, his perfumes betraied him. But I ſhall not arreſt your Lordſhip ſo far with a further interruption. My Lord, you

have

have ennobled me with your teſtimony: and I ſhall keep your Paper as the Patent of mine Honour. Yet give me leave to tell you; that among all the epithets you pile ſo artificially to build me a fame, there is one wanting to accompliſh my ambition, and which I beſeech your Lordſhip I may enjoy for the future; that is, to be eſteemed

SIR,

Your Honours, &c.

John Cleaveland.

FLy thou pretty active part
To the *Miſtris* of my heart,
Shew her how the tedious night
Sadly waſtes without delight,
How my waking ſoule devides
The ſilent day twixt ebbs and tides

Of hope and fear: How *Love* in me
Knows no meaſure or degree.
Tell her all my feigned dreams
Of her enjoyment, which in gleames
Of wiſhed bliſs I ſeem to ſee
But waking prov'd a fallacie;

Contriv'd by death to kill a Swain
More than half ready ſlain.
Tell her all my ſecret fears,
What a length's in ſeven years,
And that my grief well underſtood
Is worſe by far than widdow-hood.

How to ſee and not partake
Is but dying for her ſake,
Tell her more than I dare ſay,
Yet can think as well as they

That feel the freedome of that heat
Which I in contemplation beat.

And let her know *love* more delights
In action than in appetites.
Tell her buriall and a wife
Untouched, are both things without life.
And that too many heats and cold
Will make the beſt complexion old.

And when poor beauty's paſt its prime
The reſt is but a ſleeping time.
Tell her all thoſe heights and graces,
Which are built in female faces,
Like the *Orbes* without their motions
Are but glorious pitied notions.

And in ſhort without deceit
Love cannot for ever wait.
Pray her, pray her quickly yield,
Venus joy's to looſe the field,
And in fetter'd twines to lie,
Working through love's *Miſterie*.

Where in thouſand winding wayes
She can twiſt the lover's maze.

Where

Where with pleaſing loſſe and pain
Ladies clip and to't again,
Mixing freſh with flames half gone,
Joyes firſt felt then thought upon.

Tell her if ſhe this deny,
Love only fed with ayre muſt dy.
Aſk her whether groans and charms
Mid-night walks and folded armes
Be all ſhe meant, when firſt ſhe ſlew
My ſilly heart at ſecond view?

And if a life be ſpent in wooing,
Where's the time reſerv'd for doing?
Now little ſigh, if ſhe at laſt
Chide and check thee with a caſt
Of angry looks, like one that comes
To kindle love in ſullen Tombes?

Return to me my pretty dear,
And I will hide thee in a tear.

FINIS.

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A BRIEF

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